BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY
1941

FERDINAND TUOHY
DOROTHY BLACK
RICHARD KEVERNE
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

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2 *I was pleased to find how enthusiastic everyone was, because, after all, mending socks and things isn't very exciting. But all doing it together made it seem rather fun. The children go round and collect all the things and return them when they're mended. They love it—it makes them feel so important. As for the men who get their mending done—well of course they're delighted! Wouldn't you be?*

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 23, No. 1 JULY, 1941

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by *Carl Shreve*

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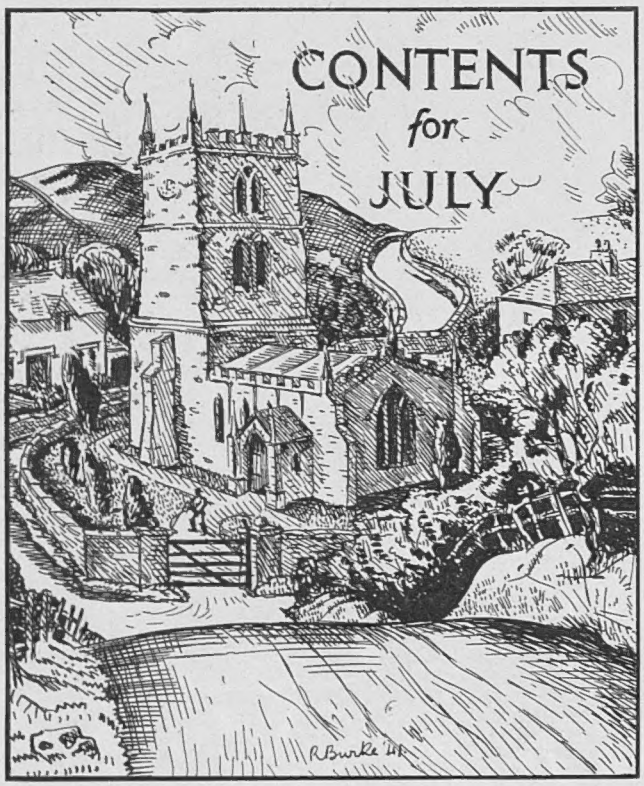

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 74. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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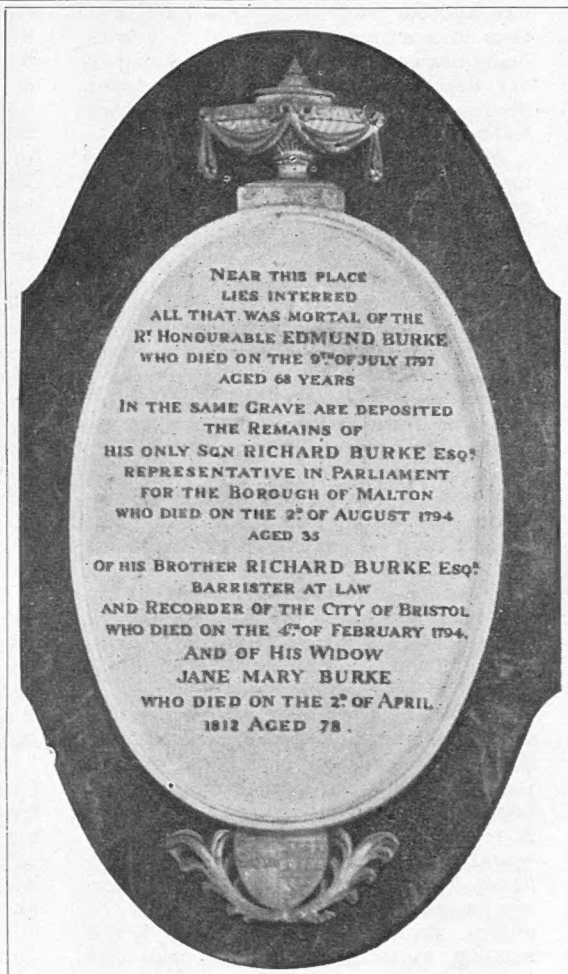
BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

No. 7

Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke


NEAR THIS PLACE
LIES INTERRED
ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF THE
Rt HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE
WHO DIED ON THE 9TH OF JULY 1797
AGED 68 YEARS
IN THE SAME GRAVE ARE DEPOSITED
THE REMAINS OF
HIS ONLY SON RICHARD BURKE ESQ.
REPRESENTATIVE IN PARLIAMENT
FOR THE BOROUGH OF MALTON
WHO DIED ON THE 2D OF AUGUST 1794
AGED 35
OF HIS BROTHER RICHARD BURKE ESQ.
BARRISTER AT LAW
AND RECORDER OF THE CITY OF BRISTOL
WHO DIED ON THE 4TH OF FEBRUARY 1794.
AND OF HIS WIDOW
JANE MARY BURKE
WHO DIED ON THE 2D OF APRIL
1812 AGED 78.

Memorial Tablet in Beaconsfield Parish Church.

CHARLES JAMES FOX knocked at the door of a house in Duke Street in London.

"Is Mr. Burke at home?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the servant. "Will you please come in."

It was May of 1791, the age of Sheridan and Garrick, of Rousseau and Goldsmith, of New Ideas and Revolutions, of Catherine of Russia and Washington of America. George III sat on the throne, while England drifted uneasily, and as the continent of Europe rumbled with the tremendous happenings in Paris, itself drifting towards the dictatorship of a Napoleon's New Order.

Edmund Burke and Charles Fox were each in their way of great consequence to England at this moment. Fox was the passionate orator in Parliament; Burke was the more dispassionate orator, none the less inspired for that. Both men had played their parts in the building of a new sort of Whig party. Both had been, in their respective ways, architects of the India Bill.

Burke had devoted fourteen years to the task of cleansing Anglo-Indian public life. He had led the prosecution against Warren Hastings.

Look at him closer: he was a Dublin-born man and in 1791 he was sixty-two. His father was a Protestant lawyer, but, coming to London after Trinity College, the younger Burke was not impressed with the career of arguing a cause to order. He became a writer; he argued only the causes which appealed to him and with a force which, if it lacked the imagery of a Churchill, had all and more than the lucidity of a Birkenhead.

He hated the penalisation of the Roman Catholics and although Protestant-born and loving England, he loathed—and said so—the restrictions on Irish life and trade. He entered Parliament at a time when that assembly was sunk low in corruption and apathy. He stood out head and shoulders above the average M.P.; so did Fox.

Burke attributed much of the corruption in English political life (it was as corrupt as France in the Stavisky era), to the germ of ill-gotten Indian fortunes. Men went East in the service of "the Company" and grafted their way to riches, returned and bought themselves a seat in a Rotten Borough, then spread the corruption at home. They were the "nabobs." Edmund Burke picked on Warren Hastings, and the famous impeachment of that ruthless and cruel man was the result.

But other things were stirring abroad: there was the movement in Paris. The King still sat on the throne, but the Age of Reason was the spirit of the day. Burke wanted change, the remedying of social injustice, the cleansing of public life, the removal of inequalities; he wanted change—but he was moved to anger and argument at the thought of the violence associated with "revolution."

He went to Paris and saw much that would have to be corrected if France's temper was to weather the storm. He also saw Marie Antoinette, "glittering like the morning star, full of life and the splendour of joy."

"Are not high rank, great splendour of descent, great personal elegance and outward accomplishments ingredients of moment," he argued. And kept on arguing. England seethed with argument about the threatened changes in Paris, as yet only rumoured and conducted with decorum and deference to the dignity of the Throne. Even when France achieved a revolution of a mild Kerensky character, it was violently deplored by Burke.

Fox deplored it, too; it was not half bloodthirsty or comprehensive enough for Fox. The two friends agreed to disagree; they saw the future much the same, but chose to approach it by different roads.

So on this May day of 1791 the friendly Fox called on Burke, proposing that they stroll down to the House of Commons together. Burke had on hand a Quebec (*Continued on page* 48)

Summer Season

As the days grow more enticing—to be away from cities and towns and built-up areas—or bombed-out ones—a good many will range in the mind's eye beyond the fair capital which has been conjured for us in popular nostalgic ballad. Though the last time I saw Paris, she did, honestly, look lovely. That was May 8, 1940, two days before Hitler began missing the bus in the West. A superb day. But of such an uncanny quiet as one leant from the Tuileries bridge at noon. Rare, muffled traffic sounds; few people in sight. The emptiness brought a hush that accentuated the full May beauty.

Well did a poet sing that in those ultimate days, Paris seemed to put on her loveliest gown in order that we should remember her at her best.

More than one Frenchman made an examination of conscience as he gazed from a bridge across the Seine upon treasured surroundings. Didn't he too bear some responsibility for dragging the Germans once again to the gates of the well-loved city?

A year passes. The cosmopolitan French capital has ceased to be. There are foreigners still, more than in any other capital, yet they are nearly all reduced financially, closely watched, and therefore self-effacing. The slightest slip-up and it's the concentration camp. For the Paris police are not the kind to desist from venting their permanent xenophobia, even if they have to do it at the bid of Germans. They'll help the Gestapo all right, where *sales étrangers* are concerned!

THE once-Gay City is in travail alike of spirit and body. Untold years must pass before it recovers its lost *panache*. Whatever happens, the scars of London will live, whereas immune Paris is a pathetic mockery of past heroism, and the Parisians feel it in their bones. Who'd have thought to hear Frenchmen blaring pro-German stuff each day from the top of the Eiffel Tower?

Goering at Maxim's, getting caught in the narrow swing door, baton and all. Abetz lording it in the suite where President Wilson once held court at the Crillon. Coach-loads of young Nazis sight-seeing. Champagne on the café terraces. Marked courtesy by the conqueror, a bearing painstakingly ingrained for use during the transition period in order to hoodwink the poor French. German families buying all they can get. Sacha Guitry demonstrating that Art, like another profession, knows no frontiers in wartime. Suzy Solidor, Jewess, being hoarse at her night place. Schiaperelli designing for pure Nordic types. Montparnasse and Montmartre looking and feeling pretty grim.

And the rank and file of Parisians mainly concerned with the problem of getting food and the barest necessities of life. No more war, *guerre finie!* Hardly any talk of it.

This hushed and segregated Paris typifies what in greater or lesser degree has happened far and wide over the Continent. With scarcely any more travel for pleasure tolerated, the playgrounds of Europe are stilled and ghostly. It wasn't the same in the last war. Even when the Germans had sprawled their farthest, there was a selection of countries left untouched. But now the Nazis are literally everywhere and no one else has a right to be around save on sufferance. That stands for nine-tenths of the Continent to-day. Cut out Switzerland and Portugal, in lesser degree Sweden, and the rest is under one all-embracing *Verkehrsbureau*. Equally so, travel in Spain and Italy is controlled by the Gestapo.

The closing down of travel for pleasure, save for Nazis and their creatures, must hang like a pall, coming as it does at a period when Europeans were really beginning to step out to visit one another. A revolutionary travel age had opened—and now this! Imagine all the garaged motor coaches, the boarded-up tourist offices, the vanished army of guides, the closed casinos, the hotels running to seed, the tied-up lake and river steamers, the skeleton staffs, the shuttered shops, bars and cafés, the silent rail terminals.

And think of the people abroad whom you were accustomed to meet, and who are now probably thinking of you. ("Are X and Y still alive, I wonder? They used to live in London—poor London!")

One's thoughts go first to beaches these times. In 1939 it was no longer necessary to be a person of ease or income in order to enjoy a summer holiday on the Riviera. A matter of ten or twelve put-by pounds procured as many days of sun-sea-laze, fare included. The summer South of France has certainly suffered less than most other places. There's been a rush thither from other parts of unoccupied territory, so packed with refugees. And Germans, in and out of uniform, spend their leave there in bulk. But Italians—no. They'd be manhandled. There's no respect for Italians any more, not even from down-and-out French.

IT has always been possible to live extremely cheaply on the Riviera and now everybody's doing it because they have to. It means the exit of glitter, of the very things for which the Riviera was built, and its endless ostentatious "palaces" (hotels) and sumptuous cafés, restaurants, and casinos must be depressing sights to gaze upon. Where are their devotees to-day? Some escaped good and proper. To Portugal, the West Indies, South America.

The fading out of the British has been the most noticeable. The expensive places like Juan-les-Pins and Monte Carlo are given over to Germans and "Laval" French, for whose benefit a shadow company of local French maintain an appearance of the past—the "Rooms" at Monte are still functioning. Cannes, on the other hand, still has a British leavening which lives mostly in yachts moored in the harbour like sardines. One always did escape rent that way. Now, on the £10 monthly allowance footed by the Foreign Office, several thousand British hang on at Cannes and smaller places. For cheapness sake, parties club together on bare living expenses. For the rest, they do nothing, and take care to keep well outside war politics. The local *Cannois* are apparently decent enough, remembering that *Angleterre* made their resort, as indeed *les Anglais* made the whole Riviera.

Mirage

"No Matter How They Change Her I'll Remember Her That Way"

By Ferdinand Tuohy

The best off are those who never had much money anyway. I've had news of friends in the small hill towns who can carry on quite nicely on the 300 francs a week allowance. Wine, fruit and vegetables are cheap, and bread is plentiful. But the cats have been eaten, and, in consequence, there's a plague of rats "which we expect to start on when winter comes." Meat, coffee, butter and *pasta* (spaghetti family) are the most missed.

TOURISM used to be the fourth "industry" of France. At its highest pitch, 700,000 were employed. Pretty well the only tourists to-day are Nazis and their relatives settled like locusts on the French scene at twenty (forced) francs to the mark. It is hard to picture all the lovely places—Brittany, Touraine, Savoy, Normandy, the Pyrenees, the Alps—given over wholly or partly to the Nazi jackboot. The Germans always were bad visitors. They went at things too determinedly, glued to their guide-books. Everything *Wunderschoen! wunderschoen!* Not a semblance of haphazard go-as-you-please. Everything *had* to be done. One pictures the coarseness of the eating and drinking in celebrated inns up and down the land. One sympathises with the waiters and wine stewards who have to cater for Nazi appetite.

But there you are. The fathers and mothers of these Nazis knew starvation and now their progeny are grasping what their parents were once deprived of. It was the sight of Germany in the 1919–24 period that turned not a few foreign correspondents to sympathise with the beaten one and to try and raise him to his feet; all forgotten now, incidentally, carefully put away by Hitler, though he certainly remembers what happened. Particularly how the British, through being too pro-German, lost contact with the harder French.

Biarritz — La Baule — Deauville — Le Touquet. Nazis, Nazis everywhere. Nazis practising invasion, Nazis trying in vain to pal up to the locals. "Go back to your own country!" the only local thought uppermost.

These famous resorts all come under the strict coastal ban while Britain is attacked. Gone their galas and their children's playgrounds, their gaming and their tennis and their golf (or nearly so). The principal buildings had all been rigged out to take French casualties, as they did in the last war. That tragedy has been spared only for another, of the soul and the spirit, to step in. A great emptiness and sadness must brood over places that were built for the enjoyment of an international world. A bad world of course, in spots: parasitical, self-indulging, snobbish and unthinking of others. But this is no morality piece. It did keep people in work, lashings of them, nor were these folk unhappy.

Just now the yachts would be sailing into Deauville, and even if the outrageous company ashore—outrageous anyway to look upon, half the time—typified a Europe in decay more than most other places showed, one got a kick from the sheer incongruity and freakishness. At least I used to, on the sidelines. People were enjoying themselves after their liking, and that was always something.

Who now inhabit the wooden villas of Le Touquet, while Polish pilots machine gun the airfield? Le Touquet passed the day P. G. Wodehouse lingered too long over that last cocktail: somehow an oddly opposite finish. (*Continued on page* 52)

Wings Over Africa

Over the gunsights, the enemy cockpit fills the screen. Then with a single crash a hundred Brownings lace the skies with fiery tracers

How the R.A.F. Swept the Italians from the Sky

By Captain H. C. Biard

(Schneider Trophy winner and world record breaker)

IT is not easy for us at home to visualise African flying conditions. Cockpit temperatures sometimes reach 130 degrees (ground shade temperature is often 110 degrees); gas masks are worn while flying to prevent dust nuisance in Ghibli storms; dust sometimes rises 10,000 feet, and will penetrate a locked suitcase to make an inch-thick layer.

Oil overheats; bearings wear with dust; one has to make blind landings in dust-storms very often.

The success of our African campaigns has been largely due to the fact that the best stuff in the R.A.F. has come to sweep the Italian ice-cream wagons out of the African skies. And they have almost completely done it!

There are men here who have tackled twenty and thirty German machines over Britain, and held them single-handed till support arrived. Italians are easy after that.

These African R.A.F. contingents generally, including Union flyers, Anzacs, Indians and home pilots, are men who are going to see this war right through to the other side, even if Hell's Legions come to the aid of Hitler's.

The shuddering mutter of engines rises to a higher, more urgent note. The Italian "Iron Leg" squadrons are out, defending a concentration of tanks meant to smash up the swift British advance through the sandhills. The "Iron Leg" flyers are veterans of Spain; they helped at Guernica, and massacred Barcelona; under Colonel Botto, ruthless, daring, cruel, they had been flung by Mussolini into the African boiling-pot to try to hold up R.A.F. attacks.

Over to the fighters. A word with the maintenance crew—the men who keep the sand out of the engines. And I have known sand hereabouts work into a locked suitcase of mine so that when it was opened it looked like a caseful of yellow, smooth dust.

Check the guns. Check the instrument panel. A glance along the runway. And . . . forward we go; the world's fastest service fighter becomes air-borne; sweeps up in a climbing turn; dips in hail and farewell; and heads away, part of an iron-ruled line-abreast formation that presently takes up a new shape designed to pour red-hot lead at any conceivable compass-point, to seek out the ice-cream carts of the "Iron Leg" squadron and avenge the Spanish women and babies.

Ah—it is going to be a big show, evidently. For up to meet us sweeps a formation of droning heavy bombers, each carrying more than a ton of warload. Like gulls, the little fighters wheel and close up round the black shapes of the bombers.

And then away and away north-eastwards, climbing steadily, with infinities of yellow sand below, and the intense blue sea edging it, picking up landmark after landmark, passing suddenly a black ground of aircraft coming back light after unloading all they had.

Now through a yellow-bellied cloud carrying sand blown along by the Ghibli wind. Tight lips don't keep out the taste and grittiness; sand works into the mouth and ears and nostrils, makes smooth surfaces in the cockpit, yellows up the windows, fills the flying-boots and pockets and hair beneath the tight-fitting flying helmet; pings like hail all over the aircraft—and then, suddenly, we are out into the intense hot blue once more.

Away on the horizon, a swarm of bees swiftly grows and becomes a zooming formation of Fiat fighters out for blood. A climbing-race starts, and a whirling effort to reach the sun, prior to that hell-dive swoop that will mean one more air battle won or lost.

The British bombers plod along doggedly, not to be deterred by this fracas, though gunners' fingers are itching on the buttons. A froth formation of fighters stays down to cover them, while the rest gracefully swirl upwards like a handful of brown leaves.

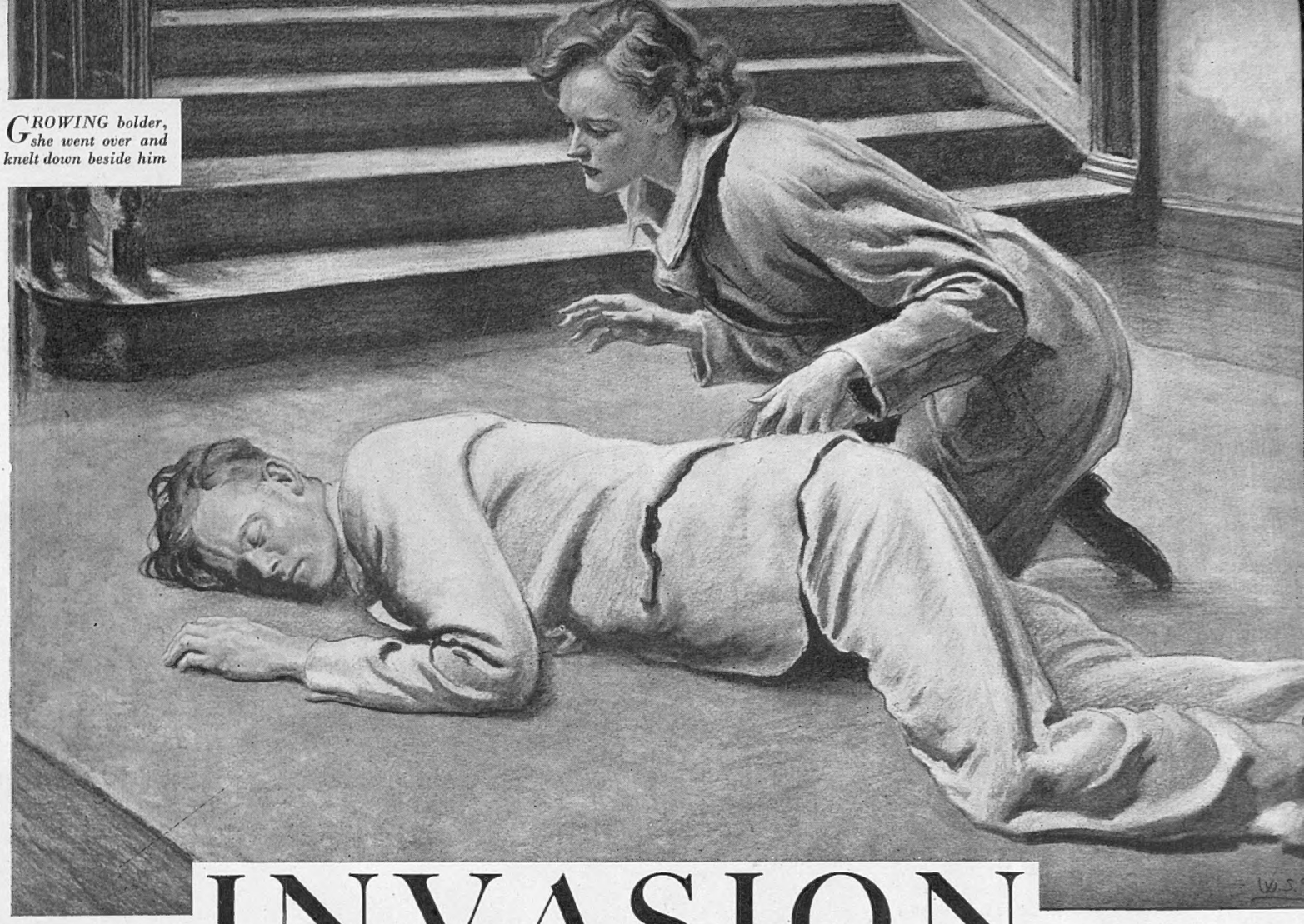
A typewriter rattle from a Fiat is ignored; another. . . .

Don't blame Giuseppi and Beppo and the rest that they can't stick the pace of this furious climb. Their Fiats haven't got the boost of British fighters; the eight-gun killers "take the ceiling," stoop and strike.

In a screeching power dive at seven miles a minute, holding their fire deliberately till the leader gives the word, they drop down out of the sun. Too late, the Italians try to scatter away.

Over the gun-sights, the enemy cockpit fills the screen. Then, with a single elongated crash, a hundred Brownings lace the skies with fiery tracers. Each machine can put out 12,000 bullets a minute, and an almost solid cone of lead is finding what we call lethal concentration 300 yards ahead or less, right in the midst of the Fiats.

One turns right over and twists (*Continued on page* 52)



GROWING bolder, she went over and knelt down beside him

INVASION

The Shadow of the Enemy Darkened a Strange Romance

By Dorothy Black

THE loud slamming of a door awoke Meryl from the drowsy backwater of influenza in which she had been floundering. She sat up, and put her hand to her head. All of a sudden, after the manner of youth, she felt better. Better, but on the whole very angry with Leroux. What a way to behave to any one! She might have had the plague, from the fuss they made.

"The germs, the germs . . ." madam had moaned, when the doctor, combing his rich beard with a finger that ended in a not-too-clean nail, had said it was influenza. "We cannot have them now through the house . . . what a desaster . . . at such a time . . . oh, the misfortune. . . ."

The conversation ended in a positive blizzard of "*Mon Dieu's.*" The Leroux family very easily got excited. A political discussion, or if the cat was sick, or the dog fell downstairs, and there they all were, tossing their hands about as if they wanted to get rid of them.

Meryl had been quite prepared for the fuss, but not for the way they treated her. They put her up on the top floor entirely alone. A curtain soaked in disinfectant was hung over the door, so that the germs could not march, said madam. A tray was pushed in by Madam Pissot, when she remembered it. Mostly it contained unappetising remnants, for Madam Pissot did not care much for the English Miss *au pair*, and never tried to disguise her feelings.

The tray was there now. Meryl got out of bed and carried it into the sunshine beside the window. The lace curtains were modestly looped over a window that had a unique view of the chimney pots of Paris. There was coffee, and a stale *brioche* on the tray. The coffee was stone cold. It had probably been there for hours, and Meryl blessed her Aunt Bertha who had thoughtfully made her a present of a small stove and any number of those solid white tablets for heating it.

"Better hide them in your knickers, dear," Aunt Bertha had whispered, "they may be contraband."

As the coffee heated, Meryl sunned herself, and brushed her hair. Yes, at last she was really better. Her eyes no longer ached, and if her knees felt a little wobbly, a cup of coffee would cure that.

Beyond the window, it was obviously a beautiful morning. Sunshine bathed the chimney pots. Meryl listened, and wondered why the gentleman in the next house was not practising his violin. He usually practised at this time. He was, Madam Leroux had informed her, a man of good family, *assez riche*, and she hoped in time to make a match between him and Mademoiselle Yvonne.

The Leroux were rich themselves. The house off the rue Louvoise had a little strip of garden at the back, and an arbour in a grape vine, and a statue of a cupid that might have been white marble if he had a wash. Meryl had always intended to give him a bath but she had not got down to it, when this influenza took her.

The coffee boiled. She sat, sipping it, warming her hands round the cup. Pretty stale, she thought. Yesterday's, I'll be bound. She had fought against the conviction as long as she could, but now she knew that without any doubt she couldn't stand it here any longer. As soon as she could arrange to, she would go home. Maybe it was the war gave her this restless uneasy feeling. Usually she could settle down, even to something she didn't much like. From the start, the job in Paris hadn't been anything like the picture on the packet.

English girl of good family required to speak English with French family in Paris.—Au pair.

Meryl could still see the Leroux as she had pictured them. Neat *soignée* Parisians, the mother and daughter both seeming about the same age. Gay. Are the French not always gay.

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

She had pictured herself speaking English to them, laughingly correcting their mistakes, and perhaps turning an honest penny in her spare time giving English lessons to their equally charming friends, at the same time running up her own French, which was of the schoolroom kind. This meant she could not understand a word anybody in France ever said.

No one had liked the idea of her going.

"People ought not to go abroad nowadays, dear. With the world in the turmoil it is. No one can tell who will be their enemy next."

"But France, darling, don't be silly," Meryl said. "We are fighting *with* France."

Old people are frightened of life, full of apprehensions. If one waited until they thought the right moment had come to take a step, one waited for ever. Besides, they did not know about Dickie. No one knew about Dickie.

"We'll announce it when I get back," he had said, laughing his quick gay laugh. "We'll surprise the whole neighbourhood."

Dickie, so beautiful. The only son of Marcus Mansel, who owned the big motor-car factory. No one ever dreamed of coupling his name with the doctor's daughter. Beautiful girls came down from London, positively armed with fishing nets, to try and catch Dickie.

And he had loved her, Meryl, who hadn't any money, or any smart clothes. Only a pretty face, and dark curly hair that grew off a wide forehead, making people give her the nickname—Alice in Wonderland.

She had been so happy, hugging her lovely secret. She had dreamed her lovely dream of the fun they would have, the excitement there would be when he came home, and the engagement was given out.

Well, he never did come home, and that was that. He took on a lone raider over the North Sea on a winter's morning, and the raider got him. Shot him down. He went spinning into the sea, and his great heart, and his gay laugh, and his blue eyes, and the golden glint of his hair, were put out for ever.

Mercifully nobody knew anything about it, so they did not condole with her. But they wondered why, suddenly, she got so thin, and her eyes seemed too large for her face, and her gaiety left her. Her father could not understand her sudden restlessness. Why did she want to go tearing off abroad, in such unsettled times? Girls ought to stay at home, and nurse. He couldn't see why she would not marry young Charles Leggat, who was just going to be made partner in his father's firm of old-established solicitors, and would have the job to return to after the war. A nice steady young fellow. . . .

IT was in the teeth of opposition that Meryl accepted the Leroux's job. Every one prophesied no good would come of it.

"Here is money for your return fare," said her father. "Keep it by you. Don't go and spend it on something else, or you'll want to come home and find you are stranded."

So, armed with a box of chocolates from Charles, and a good deal of free advice from all her relatives, Meryl departed. It was late autumn, the war still in its half-baked stage. The Channel boats still took passengers. All through the winter, Meryl put up with the eccentricities of Madame Leroux and her daughter, and the horrible Pissots who ran the house, but whom Meryl always felt certain were bandits in disguise.

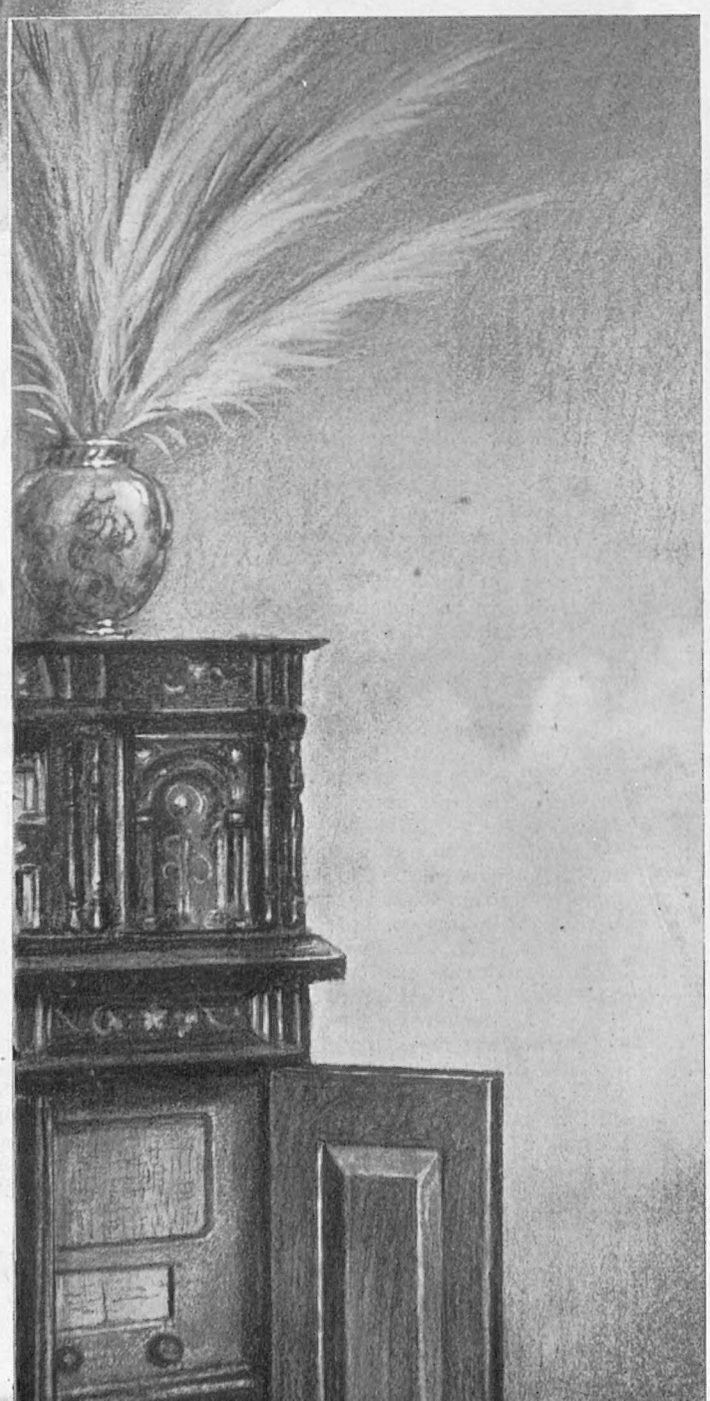
She might have stuck it even longer if it had not been for the influenza, and the incredible behaviour of the Leroux, who simply left her to sink or swim. In a room up under the eaves, into which had obviously been pushed all the furniture nobody could bear in any other room in the house, and those strange pictures of battlefield and shipwreck aunts sometimes give as wedding presents.

Meryl felt she would not have been nearly so ill, if, every time she opened her eyes, she had not seen Joan of Arc, a bouncing lass with a kind face, about to be burned at the stake.

Well, now she was better, anyway, and Paris was bathed in spring sunshine. Down below, in the side street off the rue Louvoise, there would be cherries in the shops. Meryl had a sudden passionate and unreasoning longing for cherries.

It must be ten days now since she went out. She tried to count, but her head was still woolly. Every one had been in a great state of excitement about the political situation and the war, but then, at the

LIKE a ray of hope, she remembered a friend. He was the fat gendarme who controlled the traffic. He had lived in England as a young man, and spoke a little English



Leroux they were always in a great state of excitement about something or other. How far removed they were from the *chic* figures of her dream! Madame Leroux was fat, but she was not comely. Also she had a very red nose. And her daughter, Mademoiselle Yvonne, did not look a day younger than her mother, and she had a very red nose too. In her secret heart Meryl had christened them the Dongs, from that charming nursery classic that runs :

The wandering Dong through the forest goes.
The Dong, the Dong with a Luminous Nose.

She looked at herself in the glass. Pretty pinched and rather pale, but not, considering all things, too bad. She added a little lipstick. Now she was like an etching in black and white, with her wide brow and big dark eyes, and no colour about her at all, save her scarlet lips.

She dressed slowly, taking her time. Not hurrying. She found she got rather easily out of breath. She had got much thinner. Her clothes felt as if they belonged to another and larger woman altogether, but that, she thought, was all to the good. Anything rather than to be fat, like Madame and her daughter.

Now the thing was how to announce one's arrival back in the world, to Madame Leroux and Mademoiselle Yvonne. She had a vision of herself chasing them from salon to salon, and about the winding passages to announce her recovery, whilst they flew from her as from one of the plagues of Egypt, thinking the germs still marched.

" But I run much faster than they do. Even after the influenza," thought Meryl. There was comfort in that. She leaned for a while against the open window-sill. The sunshine was better than medicine. From where she stood she got a good view of roofs and chimney-pots, and here and there the proud lift of a church spire. But it struck her there was, over all Paris, a strange silence, and she thought it must be Sunday.

Maybe even if it was Sunday she could buy some cherries in one of the little streets off the Rue Louvois. Yes, she could face Madame Pissot's black, beady eye raking her fore and aft, and Pissot's oily, black béret, and Mademoiselle Yvonne's mole, much better if she was fortified with cherries. She decided to slip out and buy some, before she did anything about telling anyone she was better.

She put on her camel-hair coat and turned up the collar. After influenza you had to take care of chills. All the world, she remembered Madame Leroux saying before she got ill, was getting influenza and then pneumonia in those days. It all came, thought Meryl, feeling gay and herself again, of casting a clout before May was out.

She opened her cabin trunk, remembering that she hadn't yet had the lock repaired. She had had to have it broken in the Customs because she could not find a key. She slipped her hand into the lining under the tray, where, beneath the neatly-folded tissue paper, she always kept her money, hidden in her handbag.

It had gone.

She knelt for a moment, stunned by the disaster. She must be dreaming. She tore out the tissue paper, scattering it about in her frenzied search.

Then she sat back on her heels, dizzy, her heart thumping. She knew at once who it was. The Pissots. Hadn't she known from the start they were brigands ? Cold horror gave way to burning rage. Oh, but Madame Leroux must know about this ! Must know at once, and do something. No one paid any attention to her when she was ill. They pretended to be too frightened of the germs to do anything for her. But while she slept, they crept in and robbed her.

(Continued on page 56)

Dion did not see her. He was standing in front of the wireless, drinking in every word that burst from it

Private Life

"TO shoot, and perchance die—or not to shoot?"

But, wait. Let us step back and get a perspective view on this question which—as I write, in mid-May—Uncle Sam anxiously asks himself.

Life seemed well worth living on a pleasant day in the late summer of 1938. Hitler, uniformed, came lightly down the steps of the Munich conference hall, smiling. Mussolini was alongside, grinning. Chamberlain followed, poker-faced; and Daladier, grim.

Britain cheered when the British leader stepped out of his 'plane at the home airport, waving a paper, and proclaiming that it meant "peace in our time." In Parliament there were hysterical scenes of joy and relief, marred only by the resignation of a stiff-necked anti-Nazi Minister, Mr. Duff Cooper. And an old tank colleague of mine from Armageddon Number One, who had stayed on and risen to the War Office hierarchy, told a mutual friend, another veteran of the Grand Mêlée—when 30 nations fought, left 12,000,000 dead on battlefields, and settled nothing except the shape and method of Armageddon Number Two—that if war had exploded he would have put his head in a gas oven, things in the London "War House" were in such a hopeless mess.

But I was in Berlin that night, dining with an American correspondent, an old friend who knew his Europe and his Nazis, and another American, a young writer, with views. The latter said Britain had betrayed democracy. He said Britain had sold Czechoslovakia down the river. He said the Nazis had taken the Czech defence line without losing a man, and Hitler now had the great Skoda arsenal and the Czech skilled workers and material. When would Britain awake and fight? Or wouldn't she, ever, again?

This man had a better right than most to talk like this, for he had fought with the International Brigade in Spain, and an Italian bullet, plus some rough surgery, had given him a permanent stiff neck. He saw the Spanish civil war as "the first of the Fascist wars to conquer and enslave free men." His vision was astigmatic there, but, as an old and purely tribal warrior myself, I had to respect the idealistic fervour which had taken him so far from his American home tribe to fight with Spaniards and Russians against Germans, Italians and Spaniards.

I said the British found it hard to start fighting and dying all over again, especially as the Nazis had caught them with their air- and land-war pants down. The correspondent said he guessed the British would fight in the end. They would have to, or one fine night the swastika men would corner them, club them down and kick their brains out. What worried him more was, would the American democracy dither as long, and would it fight in the end, anyway?

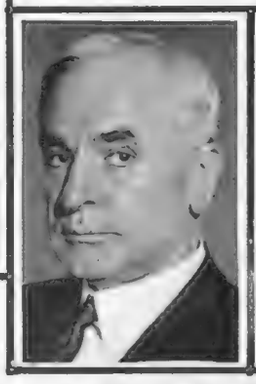
Thereupon I sat back and imbibed Ribbentrop champagne laced with hock—the only way to make Ribbentrop champagne a tolerable drink—while these two Americans debated Uncle Sam's rôle, and probable behaviour, if, as and when the second World War detonated. I never intrude in such family discussions.

But I sat in at several more such before war came. At the last one, in my London flat one July night, two American journalists, one en route for Germany and the other for Holland and Sweden, and a naval officer, and a pro-Churchill politician now in the Government, discussed far into the night the wrath to come. One of these sons of Uncle Sam, an influential isolationist in 1936, by late 1940 had got around to writing in favour of an immediate declaration of war on Germany. He belonged to that intelligent, well-informed and widely-travelled American newspaperman's group, who dislike façades, and often shock Britons by probing for what lies behind established and respected reputations. The other opined that night that if Chamberlain and Gamelin were not got rid of within the first six months of war, if war came, the Nazis would win, and America would have to make a deal with them. This prophet lately wrote me from Washington that he foresaw the day when an Anglo-American army would hold Suez, and another would advance up the Danube Valley, while a third moved into Germany through Holland. Fantastic? Well, it's a fantastic war; and he came close to being right about Chamberlain and Gamelin.

So now events, thundering down on him, have brought Uncle Sam nose on to that same question John Bull had to ask himself so many times between 1935 and Ethiopia, and 1939 and the attack on Poland. John had to answer long before he was ready for totalitarian war: and it was lucky for him that he had a massive and magnificent navy, and those "few" who were too much for Goering's winged mastodon. Sam is four years off his two-ocean navy, eighteen months off his trained, equipped, weaponed and munitioned army of two millions, and currently Britain wants half his warplane production and much of his other war material.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT

Thrice-elected President, Dutch-descended politician of genius and fabulous energy, guides 130,000,000 Americans in World's greatest crisis.



CORDELL HULL

Foreign Minister and lifelong World Trade advocate.

HENRY L. STIMSON

As War Minister he builds army of four millions.

H. MORGENTHAU

Jewish Treasury Chief, guardian of America's Mighty Money Pile.

JESSE JONES

As Commerce and Federal Loan Chief, he wields great power.

# of Uncle Sam

Glimpses of Some of the Men who Direct—or Obstruct—The United States' Immense Efforts to Help Britain Destroy Nazism

By C. Patrick Thompson

JOHN BULL means 45,000,000 people in a tight little island, some compact communities in self-governing dominions overseas, immense raw material resources but inadequate plant, the world's biggest but most scattered Empire, a matchless chain of naval bases. But Uncle Sam? Uncle Sam is 3,000,000 square miles and 130,000,000 people big. He has an industrial plant which can produce 83,000,000 tons of steel a year, and which last year outputted 5,500,000 motor-cars and trucks. He has 11,000,000 tons of merchant shipping. His Government owns £11,000,000,000's worth of gold, and his citizens have £10,000,000,000 in bank deposits, and £5,000,000,000 in savings banks. He leads easily in athletics, invention, science, industry, engineering, agriculture, crime, and in number of millionaires and of jobless workers. He is the mightiest of builders, engineers and experimenters.

Deciding to spend his way out of the great depression of the 'thirties, he added £6,000,000,000 to his national debt in eight years. Desiring to irrigate 30,000 farms, he lifted a whole great river and broke it over an artificial precipice twice as high as Niagara, in the process moving a mountain a mile at the rate of 3 tons a minute through 24 hours of every day, and winding up by dropping 2 tons of concrete every 5 seconds until he had the biggest thing ever made—a concrete dam so huge that if you put all the Americans on one end of a see-saw, and dropped the dam on the other end, the people would soar into the air, the dam being twice the aggregate weight of 130,000,000 adults.

Curious about the universe, he is building a £1,200,000 telescope with a 200-inch lens; and inquisitive about the core of the atom, he is constructing a giant 3,000,000-volt atom smasher, with a penetrating power twenty-eight times greater than the biggest now operating, to get at that nucleus.

Some of his boys are giants of energy and audacity. One wartime flier, Fiorello H. la Guardia, the "Little Flower," become Mayor of New York (he is also now head of Uncle Sam's Home Guard), was annoyed to be dropped by 'plane on the wrong side of the Hudson, 45 minutes from his office. After a five-years battle, he got the airport shifted 25 minutes closer. It cost £8,000,000, and daily 3000 passengers and 200 regular-schedule 'planes use it.

How will Sam shape in totalitarian war? He ought to be colossal—if Britain can hold the Atlantic until Sam has time to forge his armour and weapons, and order his legions of the sea, land and air. In the interregnum, let us glance at some of those sons who show Uncle Sam in cross-section.

Over-topping them all, as Churchill towers in Britain—and Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini, in Germany, Russia, Italy—is the American Gracchus, Roosevelt, part-Dutch, part-English, a politician of genius and fabulous energy. He has everything, including a willingness to try anything once, a work-power superior to that of any of the men around him, and that nice balance between daring and caution which distinguishes the great general. He breakfasts in bed, has a soup-and-salad lunch at his desk in his oval study on the second floor of the White House, dines plainly but prefers his Sunday suppers of crab and scrambled eggs and bacon, and smokes cigarettes all the time. After eight tremendous years in office, he periodically runs out of energy and has to get away on a sea cruise to recharge his batteries, fishing, sleeping long hours, reading, away from official routine and the necessity for decisions.

Few now recall that back in 1918 he walked into the high frescoed chamber of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives in Washington, and asked for some tens of millions of dollars—and no questions asked. He got the money. He wanted it to provide the secret mine barrage which closed the North Sea to German submarines. He was Assistant Secretary of the Navy then. His fame as the cursed-and-praised leader of the revolutionary New Deal has obscured the fact that he has a knowledge of naval affairs and of the sea and sea war unparalleled by any other statesman except Churchill; and that is something when one orients Armageddon Number Two as a struggle, at this stage, between the greatest land and the greatest sea Powers.

Roosevelt has moved on from the emergency phase of the American New Deal revolution, when, as popular dictator, he gave his orders, and an obedient Congress executed them rubber-stamp fashion. Worried supporters got him to call a bi-partisan (*Continued on p.* 69)

LA GUARDIA
New York's famous Italian-descended mayor, is now also America's Home Guard organiser.

BILL KNUDSEN
Danish-born production boss of giant U.S. arsenal.

WILLKIE
Republican Leader, a pure-blooded German who is 100 per cent. anti-Nazi.

SIDNEY HILLMAN
Tsarist-ghetto-born labour representative for War Production.

FRANK KNOX
Ex-rough rider and newspaper man; he heads Navy Department.

DR. ALEXIS CARREL
French-born scientist, Lindbergh's partner, he dreams of making a "New Man."

"I NEVER thought we 'd end up at a seaside resort," Tim said. "Blackborough of all places, too!"

"You should draw good houses," Sandra said thoughtfully. "The town is packed with Civil Servants, I believe. And you 're lucky, you know, Tim, to get a shop at all."

"I suppose so. But I hate leaving London."

For a moment his face was petulant. The famous quizzical eyebrows drew into a frown. Then he smiled and became once more the actor gallery-girls adored.

Tim Terence. Tim with the flat, corn-fair hair and the smile women found irresistible. Tim, who was forty-five and looked thirty—behind the footlights. Brilliant, light-hearted Tim, who could make the back of his head suggest more than other men's whole bodies.

"You 'll make the arrangements, Sandra?" he asked.

"Of course. A house?"

"Yes. A decent one—if there is such a thing in Blackborough. And we 'll take our own furniture."

Sandra nodded. In her own mind she was beginning to make lists, interview house-agents, see the movers—

"When do you start rehearsals?" she asked.

"In three weeks."

"Then I 'd better go up to Blackborough to-morrow."

She went early the next day, by train. She 'd made a lot of these journeys in the last ten years. Sometimes Tim's plays opened in Manchester or Glasgow before they came to London. Then Sandra would look for a suitable flat for a month, or failing that a suite in an hotel. Once she 'd even had to go to New York, when Tim had an engagement for the winter over there. But this was different. This would be for the duration. Repertory. And in the provinces.

She waited until he had finished his first cup of coffee. Then she announced, "I 'm going away, Tim"

Stage Wife

You Cannot Play the One Role All Your Life

By Anne Vernon

But with most of the London theatres closed you had to be thankful for what you could get.

She leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes. She hated train journeys. And her mind was busy ticking over lists of things to be packed and sent in advance. Lists of things to be left behind. Lists of things to be bought. She didn't look the sort of woman who would make lists. Or be practical. Or good at business.

She was tall and slight, with a pale face and beautiful dreamy eyes. Her dark hair lay in sleek curls under her small hat. A silver fox jacket, with enormous bulky sleeves, squared her slim shoulders. She looked glamorous and fragile.

There must be three decent rooms downstairs, she thought, and an adequate kitchen. We shall have to go on entertaining a certain amount. Thank God cook has agreed to come! I hope the drawing-room curtains will fit. But there are big hems—they might let down if necessary.

She would set the stage for Tim. Settings were so important. You couldn't drop the actor as soon as you left the theatre. If you wanted to get on you had to act all the time. The public was interested in actors. What they ate, where they sat, what colour their carpets were. It was all publicity. Necessary showmanship.

For ten years Sandra had lived with one eye on the photographer. Her clothes, her children, her furniture, and her servants were all arranged as a background against which Tim could shine. She called herself Sandra, instead of the Sarah she'd been christened. It was all part of the game. And it had to be done. She knew the stage. Twelve years ago she'd been a Shakespearean actress. A young and tremulous Ophelia, throwing all her love of poetry into her part. A gentle Juliet, overpowered by the forces arrayed against her. She'd never been a success, though. She'd read too much Shakespearean criticism and cultivated too few managers.

Then there'd been Tim. Half-way up the ladder to success by then. Sandra had climbed the rest of the way beside him.

She knew her stuff. You had to be always on show. Always ready for the camera. Always prosperous. Once you showed a threadbare patch you were finished.

She adored Tim. He was temperamental, impractical, demanding. But his charm worked even on his wife. Even after ten years. Even though she knew he had a wandering eye and his world was full of lovely women.

He was a little spoiled, of course. He couldn't help being. But so far she'd held her own with the lovelies. Not without an effort—but she'd held it. And after all, if your husband is the idol of hundreds of unknown women, you've got to keep on your toes.

The train stopped. Sandra opened her eyes and looked out of the window. A small station called Bampton. Why had they stopped here?

A porter came down the platform announcing that there would be two hours' delay. No explanation. Of course not, in wartime.

Sandra got up and wandered on to the platform. The waiting-room was full. There was no tea kiosk. She went out of the station and found herself in a small village street.

She walked on slowly, noticing two small shops and a post office. The village ended abruptly and she found herself on a winding country road. There was a gateway on her right and a notice board hung over an old stone wall. "To let or for sale," it said.

The gate was open and Sandra went in.

It was an old house. Not old enough to be "interesting." Just inconspicuously mellowed. Six or seven bedrooms, and an impossible kitchen.

She peered through the windows and saw a long light drawing-room, with white paint and faded yellow walls.

The garden was lovely. A little run to seed, but not hopelessly beyond repair. There was an orchard and a walled vegetable garden.

The children could run wild, Sandra thought.

Young Tim, who was six, and Deborah who was three. They would adore this garden. She could see herself, in old tweeds, pottering with seedlings.

It wasn't a stage-set. No one would ever be able to make it interesting to photographers. It was just a house that several generations had loved and lived in.

I'm tired, Sandra thought. That's what it is.

She was tired of keeping up with Tim. Tired of living in public. Tired of competing with the lovelies. She wanted some shabby clothes and some shabby furniture and time to read Shakespeare.

But—there was Tim.

With a sigh Mrs. Tim Terence glanced at her diamond wrist watch and went back to the station.

"CAN we really go to-morrow?" Tim asked.

"Yes," Sandra said. "Everything will be ready."

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

LAURA Loveday. She was a young actress who had sprung into fame overnight, a couple of years ago

"Is the house—possible?"

"Oh, it's not too bad, now. I found quite an enterprising decorator. We did wonders with three-ply wood. And he was thrilled, of course, to be working for Tim Terence."

"He ought to have been thrilled to be working for *you*."

Sandra smiled.

"I'm only the stage manager," she said. "They don't get the curtain calls."

"I shouldn't have had so many if it hadn't been for you, Beautiful. Your organising ability amounts to genius. I suppose we'll arrive to-morrow to find a fire burning and tea laid and enormous bunches of flowers placed everywhere?"

"I hope so. The children and cook and Annie went this morning."

"But your supreme gift," Tim went on. "Is that you do all these things and still act as though you'd never seen a saucepan or a mover's van. You look so darned idle and *expensive*, Sandra."

She glanced at him thoughtfully.

"My clothes aren't cheap," she remarked.

"If you wore a sack, darling, every one else would wear one too. You have the air of luxury—and the ability of a super transport officer. In fact, I think you're marvellous."

Now Sandra was definitely wary. She was old in this war. Tim adored her—but there were so many lovelies. The stage was like that. She expected trouble when he paid her more than one compliment.

And long ago she had determined to be neither sort of stage wife. Not the little brisk, plain woman of whom people said: "What on earth made him marry *her*?" Nor the hard, tight-lipped creature who let her husband go his way—and went her own.

"It's nice to be appreciated," Sandra murmured. And waited.

"Know Laura Loveday?" Tim asked casually. Too casually.

"Of course. She's to be your leading lady at Blackborough, isn't she?"

"Yes. And she can't find anywhere to live, poor dear. Hasn't had time. So I said I was sure it would be all right if she stayed with us for a week or two."

"Yes," said Sandra.

"Sure you don't mind, darling? There'll be room in the house, won't there?"

"Oh yes. There'll be room in the house," Sandra said.

She spoke quietly, without emphasis. "Show nothing." that was always her first instinct.

Laura Loveday. Well?

She was a young actress who had sprung into fame overnight, a couple of years ago. She played earnest, touching, young parts magnificently. She had the grave wide-eyed look that girls are supposed to have—and generally lack.

Off the stage she was the world's worst cat. Too many good things had tumbled into her lap too quickly. She was spoiled and temperamental in private life. But she never lost her look of wide-eyed innocence even while she was reviling her maids.

"You won't be *feminine* about it, darling, will you?" Tim said to his wife. "You're always so reasonable."

"No," said Sandra. "I won't be feminine."

Laura was twenty-five. Sandra was thirty-five. It was going to be hell, she thought.

She got Laura's room ready with vicious competency. Clean paper in all the drawers. Plenty of hangers. A waste paper basket that toned with the slipper-satin bedspread. Women noticed details. Laura and Laura's maid would miss nothing.

Cigarettes, matches, biscuits in a Wedgwood jar. Bath salts, monogrammed towels.

Trying to live up to Tim is one thing, Sandra thought. But now that there's an enemy within the gates it isn't going to be easy.

Laura was charming. *So* grateful to Sandra. *So* pleased to have "somewhere to lay my head." She arrived with six large trunks, a (*Continued on page* 51)

THE stoat hunts rats as well as rabbits—here is the end of the chase. It kills for the sheer joy of killing

A mother kestrel at home. These birds play an important part in clearing from our fields and gardens such destructive pests as voles and field mice

Friends of Food Production

By

B. Melville Nicholas

A WEASEL looking out from its burrow. This animal's continual onslaught on rabbits and rats will prevent millions of pounds worth of crops from being destroyed by these pests

(Below)
THE barn owl is a champion rat-catcher and plays an important part in keeping down the rodent population

LAPWING on nest. Great service is done to food production by this bird, for it destroys snails, slugs, wireworms and beetles

JUST as some of our worst foes to food production come from the furred and feathered creatures of the countryside, so, from the same fraternity, come our greatest allies in our "dig for victory" campaign.

Foremost among these are stoats and weasels whose continual onslaughts on such destructive rodents as rabbits, rats, mice and voles, will prevent millions of pounds worth of crops—agricultural and horticultural—from being destroyed by these pests.

From my study window, with the aid of field glasses, I recently watched a single weasel kill seven rats, most of them full grown, in less than four hours. The speed of the little hunter was almost incredible, and as he twisted and turned his lithe body, he looked more like a reptile than an animal. Because of its slimness the weasel is able to pursue rats, mice and voles not only into their underground or hedgerow retreats, but also along their runways, so that nowhere are they safe from this determined little bandit.

The stoat is larger than the weasel and easily recognised by its black-tipped tail. Rabbits form the mainstay of its dietary, although mice, rats and voles are also included on its menu, and, like the weasel, it kills for the sheer joy of killing, so that many more thousands of rabbits are slain than are ever eaten.

Both these little hedgerow hunters deserve every protection, for they render a service to food production equal to that rendered by hundreds of labourers, and if they are wiped out by stupid and indiscriminate shooting and trapping it will be a national tragedy.

Owls also play an important part in keeping down the rodent population. The lovely barn owl in particular is a champion rat-catcher as, in almost silent flight like a huge moth, it hovers round the farmyard. The little owl is also the inveterate foe of rats, mice and voles. Owls, in common with most birds of prey, swallow their food whole and afterwards eject indigestible portions of their meals in the form of pellets, or "castings" as naturalists call them. From an examination of these pellets it is easy to tell what these particular owls have had for supper, and after a careful investigation over a period of more than twenty years, I have found an average of ninety per cent of mammalian remains in the castings of barn and little owls.

So far as voles and field mice are concerned kestrels play an important part in clearing our fields and gardens of these destructive pests. Who has not seen the kestrel, poised on quivering wings as if suspended from a cord in heaven, and then, quite suddenly close its wings and drop like a stone upon some wandering mouse or vole on the ground beneath. A pair of kestrels, over which I kept careful watch, caught an average of eleven voles a day, for twenty-four days, and brought them back to their nestlings in a tree near my home.

Of course, many other birds are destined to play an important part in our country's food production campaign, not perhaps in keeping down the rodent population, but in waging a totalitarian warfare on the insect throng. Among the most common (*Continued on page* 62)

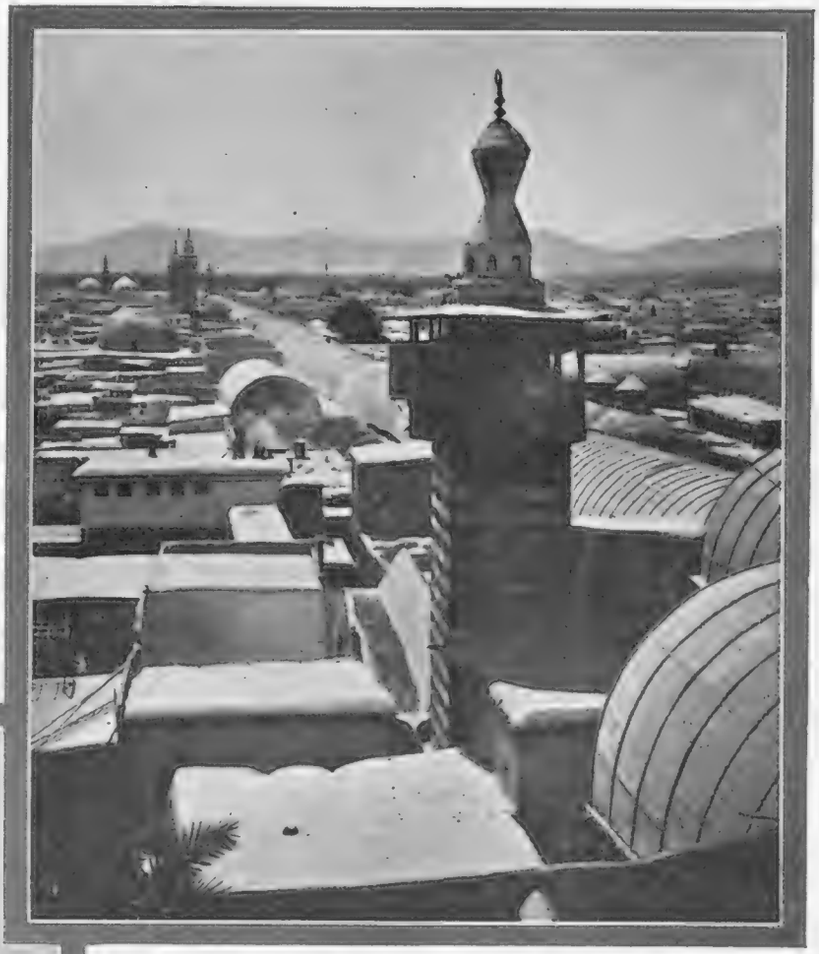
SYRIA—

THE German occupation of Greece and Cyrenaica, coupled with the recent rising in Iraq, has brought the question of the position of Syria to the fore. If all were quiet in Syria one would not be alarmed. But there is genuine unrest there and it is being largely fermented by German agents.

For some time past the Axis Powers have been casting covetous eyes upon Syria. They recognise that Syria would form an ideal base for operations against us in the Middle East. Strongly entrenched here and with the help from Raschid Ali in Iraq they could threaten our hold upon Palestine, Egypt and the Suez Canal. Not least, there is the tempting prize of the oilfields of Mosul in Iraq.

This Nazi threat to Syria may come from the north through Turkey. True, Turkey has declared that should such a movement be made the aggressor will find his way "barred by two million bayonets." But Turkey is allowing herself to be encircled. Indeed, Syria can be said to be seriously threatened not by way of Turkey, but from the islands in the Aegean Sea which the Nazis have occupied. Apart from the Greek islands there are the Italian Dodecanese and air bases are being established upon them. From these islands troops and guns can be landed in Syria by air.

The disturbances which have broken out in Syria are due primarily to two causes—a deficiency of food, and popular dissatisfaction with the political developments. The shortage of certain kinds of foodstuffs, notably rice, sugar, and meat, is due mainly to the suspension of normal trade exchanges between Syria and the Balkans. The political trouble has been occasioned partly by the uncertainty of French policy and partly by German penetration. Syria was already to have emerged from French tutelage as a mandated territory to one of self-governing independence. The outbreak of the war quite naturally postponed the fulfilment of this promise; but



DAMASCUS, the covered part of Straight Street. This city, which claims to be the oldest in the world with a continuous history, is capital of Syria proper. Straight Street is mentioned in the New Testament in connexion with the conversion of St. Paul

THE ancient Wall of Damascus. It was at this spot, tradition says, where St. Paul escaped by being let down in a basket

the Syrians do not intend to forgo it altogether, or to allow the capitulation of France to result in the incorporation of their country in Hitler's "new empire."

One of the first acts of the French administration in Syria after the Vichy Government was installed was to release German traders and others from internment and to allow them to resume their free activities, and to send home most of the large French Army in Syria. A ready-made fifth column was thus established in the commercial towns, without any hindrance to its treacherous work. The French did little to curb it, with the result that discontent became rife. M. Chiappe, the former Paris police chief, was sent out to check it, but his aeroplane crashed on the way out and he never reached his destination. It has now developed to a degree resembling revolt, and the country has been declared to be under martial law. General Dentz, the French High Commissioner, has been to France to consult with the Vichy Government as to what shall be done. Obviously, Vichy's action will be influenced largely by instructions from Berlin and Rome.

SYRIA'S geographical and strategical position is unique. With Turkey to the north, Palestine and Transjordan to the south, and Iraq on the east, she offers an ideal base for attack upon any of these countries. Then one of the oil pipe lines from the wells of Kirkuk, in Iraq, goes through Syrian territory to Tripoli. By agreement Syria is entitled to one fourth of the oil from this field. Owing to the defection of France the pipe has been cut, much to the annoyance of the French and the people of Syria.

Syria, which was mandated to France by the League of Nations after the war of 1914–1918, is a fascinating

The Wonderland of the Mediterranean

By Harold J. Shepstone

land with great mountain ranges and picturesque scenery. It boasts many fine cities and historic ruins dating back to Bible times and beyond. Along the coast there are the remains of Crusader castles, the finest monuments of their kind. Then there are the excavations carried out on the site of ancient Phœnician cities, such as Byblos, where was found a Phœnician script which claims to be the most ancient specimen of known alphabetical writing. Syria, in fact, is a varied wonderland having a wide appeal.

It is no mean tract of territory, having an area of some 100,000 square miles with a population of about four million, mostly Orthodox Moslems, with a sprinkling of Druses and other races. The French did not find it an easy country to govern. There was trouble with the Turks in the north, with the Arabs of Damascus, and the Druses in the mountainous region to the south. Indeed, the French had virtually to reconquer the territory. The League was on more than one occasion called upon to settle national aspirations. As a result Syria to-day is not one state, but four.

There is Syria proper, which is nearly as big as England, with a population of two million Orthodox Moslems, with Damascus as the capital. Their ambition is to make their portion of Syria an independent Arab State. Next comes The Lebanon —a narrow strip of mountainous country along the Mediterranean coast, 3,800 square miles in area, with Beirut as the capital. It is inhabited by 350,000 Maronites, hardy, Christian mountaineers. Long before the coming of the French to Syria (*Continued on page* 48)

SYRIA is rich in historic ruins. One of the most famous is the Temple of Bacchus. This is a view of the elaborately carved entrance to the temple

(At top of page)
KALAT-ES-HUSN — a Crusader castle near Homs—is the greatest and best preserved of these fortresses. Its garrison consisted of 2,000 men-at-arms and had stables for 1,000 horses

(Left)
A QUAINT double-decked tramcar which carries passengers to and from the port to the city of Tripoli

The

GILBERT THEBERTON invented the name; I remember the occasion well. It was at the golf club on a wet afternoon last autumn.

There had been an air raid a few nights before. A German machine had been hit and had crashed off the coast about eight miles away. One of the crew had baled out. His parachute had been found on Daneshill Common at the far end of the golf course. But they never caught the man.

About half a dozen of us were in the club-house that afternoon discussing the matter over drinks, putting up suggestions as to how the fellow could have escaped, and that sort of thing. Then Gilbert Theberton came out with his great pronouncement.

"They get help here somewhere," he said, adding with immense deliberation, "You mark my words, there's an unknown Boche in our midst."

We all laughed. He spoke in such a solemn way. And the phrase, "unknown Boche" sounded so comic. Someone said: "We'd better get a grave ready for him, like the Unknown Warrior," and Theberton flushed and looked angry.

But Giles, the secretary, intervened with a cheery: "Good for you, Thebbie. You've solved the problem. Now we know. Have another drink on the strength of it."

Theberton protested. "You chaps may laugh, but you'll find I'm right one day. There were a lot of unknown Boches in Norway and Holland, and France, and I bet there were half-wits who laughed at the idea of them till it was too late to laugh. You don't know the German. He's as cunning as hell. He can fool you all the time and he knows it, but you don't. He's absolutely thorough."

Old Colonel Eleigh put in: "Quite right, Theberton. You let 'em have it."

Theberton merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "What's the use?" and then someone suggested a rubber of contract since the rain seemed to be set in for the rest of the day and I think Theberton cleared off, still a bit stuffy.

But the story got about Wavenheath and the unknown Boche became a local joke. We came to calling any stranger who turned up in the village the unknown Boche, and if we mislaid anything said the unknown Boche had taken it, though the villagers themselves rather resented the joke.

So did the older residents. They are a touchy conservative people in that part of East Anglia and they don't take easily to newcomers. It was that, I think, that made them resent Theberton's suggestion. He was a newcomer, a "foreigner," to the village and they thought he was slighting them.

SOON after we settled down to bridge Eleigh was called to the telephone, and when he came back, once more I had that queer sense of uneasiness

Unknown Boche

One of their Trusted Friends was a Traitor. But—which One?

By Richard Keverne

He was a retired mathematical master from some north country grammar school; a widower of about sixty I suppose. He lived with his daughter, Joan, in a bungalow he had bought a month or two after the war broke out. It was a lonely, unattractive little place on the heath close by the golf course, though Joan Theberton had done wonders with the garden. But they didn't fit easily into Wavenheath society.

The men liked Theberton well enough to call him "Thebbie." He played a good game of golf and a better hand at contract. The women found him dull and Joan too highbrow.

She was musical, and Wavenheath isn't given to classical music, and she got across them with her very up-to-date ideas at war committee meetings. She was too outspoken and efficient for happy-go-lucky Wavenheath that took its committees as social functions, not as serious organisations.

Still, Joan Theberton did most things in the village life, unlike her father who firmly refused to join any committee.

He had retired and he wasn't going to start work again, he always said. He wouldn't even join the Home Guard, though he was a special constable, and, according to Ridge, our village policeman, a very efficient one.

"I wish they was all as keen as he is," Ridge confided in me one day. "There's one thing about Mr. Theberton, you can be sure of him. He don't make up excuses of a wet night same as some I could mention. He's talked to me for hours about science and mathematics and how we don't use enough of 'em in the police. A very clever gentleman, I should think, in his own line. I agree with him up to a point, but you've got to have more than science if you're going to do any good in the force. May be all right for specials, but——" Ridge shook his head expressively.

Ridge was like that. An efficient youngish man, himself, he was always inclined to be a bit bumptious and critical of country police methods, and the advice of older men.

The unknown Boche joke was growing thin and it might have died before the year was out but for a couple of incidents that happened in December. One was when they caught Fritz Meyer within a couple of miles of Wavenheath, the other was the burnt parachute.

Meyer was a German ace who had escaped from a prison camp in the north three weeks before. The conductor spotted him as he got on to the local motor omnibus at the cross-roads a mile and a bit outside the village. He was suspicious of him, so he told me, because he wore a beard and didn't seem used to it. He said he always suspected young men with beards. I told Theberton that and said it might not be very scientific or mathematical but was effective. Theberton laughed and admitted that it was a damned sight better, it was sound common sense. He hated beards, himself.

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

But there were some disturbing points about the capture of Meyer. He had a perfectly good identity card made out in the name of Fuller at some London address where the police discovered there really was a Fuller. They chased him up and found he was quite all right—a commercial traveller for a wholesale grocery firm. The card was a skilful forgery.

Also Meyer had got a complete change of clothes from somewhere. He said he'd stolen them. He wouldn't say where nor give any information about himself except that he was making for London and had taken a wrong omnibus at Norminster, a big market town twenty odd miles away.

Then, a week after that came the parachute incident. That was my discovery. I'm the Wavenheath doctor, by the way. I had to see a patient, an old shepherd who lives in a cottage in a remote part of Daneshill Common. It was a grand winter morning, cold and clear with a biting north-easter coming in from the coast and I decided to take a short cut over the heath to get my blood running, so I left the car by the roadside and struck cross-country. It was barely half a mile by a rough track that leads past a gravel pit and on my way back I stopped to light a pipe in the shelter of that pit. And then I saw something that made me start.

All but covered by a heap of gravel was some charred fabric. I stooped down to clear the stuff away and it didn't take me long to realise that I had happened on the remains of a parachute, and a few minutes later that it was not by fire but by some corrosive acid that the attempt to destroy it had been made.

At that moment Theberton's unknown Boche ceased to be a joke to me and became a horrible and damnable probability.

There was no getting away from it: there were too many incidents to be dismissed as coincidence. There was someone helping the Boche somewhere in our midst and as I drove hard to fetch Ridge, the first waves of that foul suspicion each of us in Wavenheath was soon to hold of his neighbour came flooding my mind. I found myself going through every one I knew in the vicinity and asking "Could it be him?" and though I knew it was unreasonable, answering the question all too often with an "It might be."

For suddenly all kinds of unheeded little incidents came to memory. Careless phrases, peculiar actions, trivial events that meant nothing at the time, but now seemed capable of a sinister interpretation. It is a beastly, a diabolical thing, suspicion of that kind. It shakes your faith in God and man.

Luckily I found Ridge at home, and he made a sound suggestion when I had told him of my find.

"I know the place, sir," he said. "But I think it would be better if you didn't come with me. It would get people talking seeing you and me going out there together. They wouldn't think anything about seeing me alone. And our people are very anxious not to have any talk about these things. It gets about you know, try as hard as you like to stop it."

I agreed at once and he promised to let me know further details and I went on with my round. But I was unhappy. I was suspecting everybody in Wavenheath before I got home. Though I had intended to get in a round of golf after lunch, I shirked it. Somehow I didn't want to meet people — Giles, Theberton, old Eleigh, the parson even, and the rest of the usual crowd I should have found at the club. I spent the afternoon trying to read, but in fact brooding and speculating.

I had a rather busier surgery than usual that evening: that took my mind off the affair—until the end. Then, to my surprise, when I looked into the waiting-room intending to lock up I found Ridge there.

"Hallo, Ridge, what's wrong with you?" I said, for momentarily the parachute incident had passed from my mind and I thought he'd come in the usual way, as a patient.

Ridge grinned.

"No, sir, fortunately," he replied. "I thought I'd slip in this way. I don't want every one to know I'm here. Even your servants, are apt to talk. It's about that parachute business." (*Continued on page* 64)

"GOOD God! It's the doctor," he said slowly. He flashed a torch in my face for just a second and then muttered "Good God!" once more

Old Tales Re-told

Egilona, the Beautiful Queen of Gothic Spain, Wife of Roderic and Abdelaziz

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

AFTER the disintegration of the Roman Empire Spain, like many other European countries, was left undefended and exposed to the greed of the marauder. It is needless to add that the people who hastened to snatch this easy prey were the Goths.

Their brutal instincts having been largely satiated by extensive ravages in Italy, they were now become fairly Christianised and the government they established in Spain was almost puritanical—in great contrast with the moral dissolution which had prevailed since the downfall of Rome.

For over two centuries all went well. But at length the love of wealth and the pleasures of life combined to instil once again a corrupting influence. The principles of Christianity and justice were disregarded; and presently the Goths themselves became too weak to maintain even an outward show of virility and order. The Government was spineless and ineffectual, and the universal display of wealth and extravagance was nothing but a veneer to cover its failure.

The last of the Gothic rulers in Spain was Roderic, a man so dominated by brutal passions that he was totally unfitted to uphold even the reputation of his predecessors. False Christian and bad pagan, he never hesitated to use the foulest means in order to achieve his ends. Through his own wicked acts he caused his end, and with it the downfall of Gothic Spain.

He was married to the beautiful Egilona who, besides her physical attractions, was endowed with exceptional sweetness and integrity. Unfortunately for her, Roderic was of the type who have no interest in the moral qualities of a good wife. The physical side of marriage is the only one which counts; and when the short spell of enthusiasm is over, there is nothing left.

In the very flower of her youth, Queen Egilona was cast aside by her husband and shamefully neglected.

The principal cause of her unhappy plight was the fact that she had a rival. This was the daughter of the Christian noble Count Julian. She was a girl of extraordinary beauty, and from the moment that Roderic's lustful eye fell upon her, he was consumed with a new flame of desire. The girl's name was Florinda. In her innocence she never dreamt that she was destined to be the indirect instrument of the king's fate.

Realising that she was too aristocratic to be persuaded to join his ever-changing harem, Roderic affected a fatherly attachment to her, and gradually succeeded in gaining her confidence and even affection. It must have been difficult for him to

Roderic managed to entice the girl Florinda into his private apartments, and the lamb was irretrievably in the jaws of the wolf

Abdelaziz, son of Musa, arrived on the scene with 7000 horsemen and an imposing array of bowmen

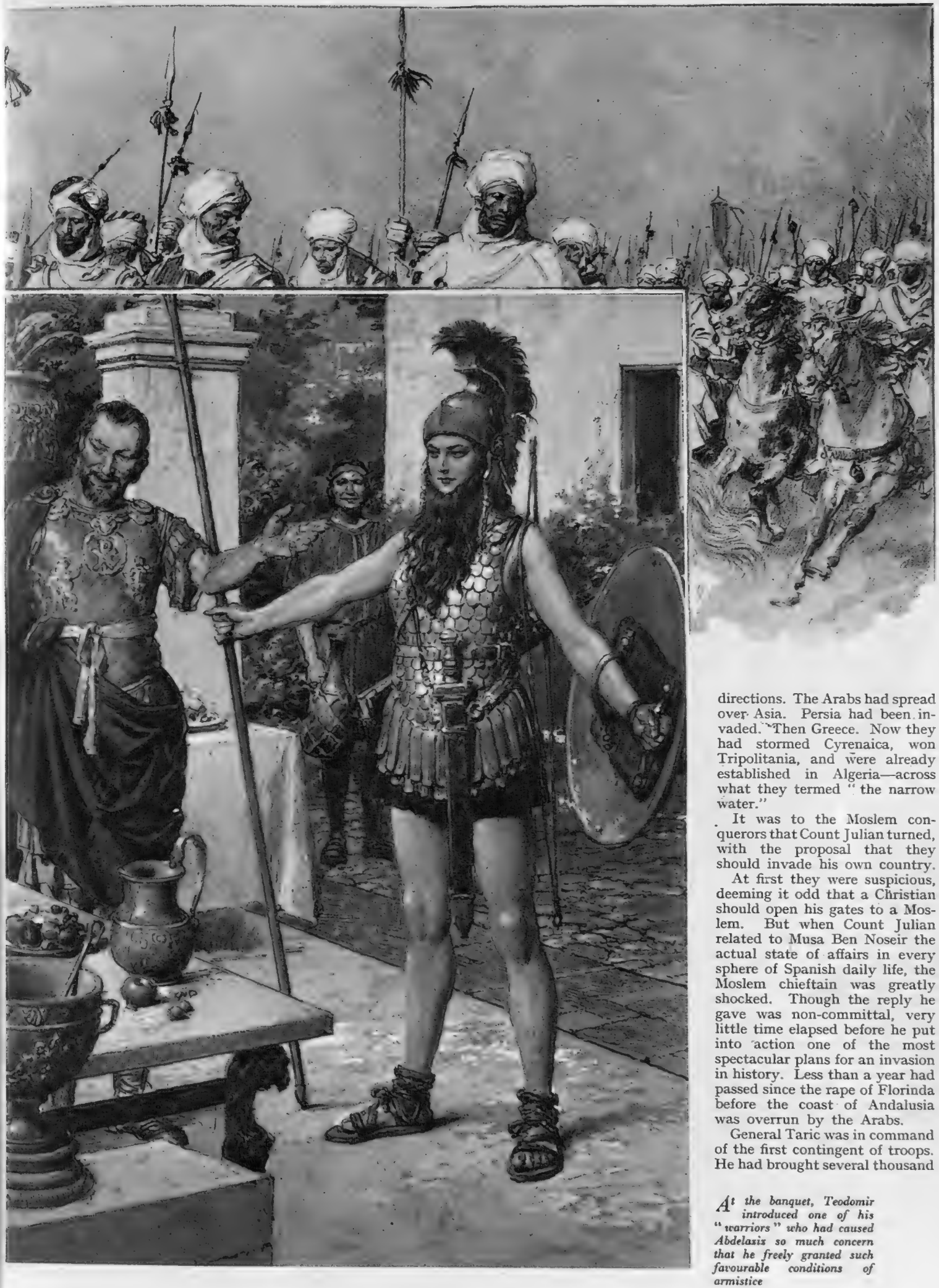
keep up this pretence, for the very sight of her aroused his predatory instincts to such a pitch that he could scarcely keep them under control.

Her beauty was of that rare type that is practically non-existent in other countries than Spain. Its striking characteristics are milk-white skin, hair of shining blackness, burning brown eyes and immensely long lashes. When nature adds to this unusual colouring beautiful features and a perfect figure, the result is a masterpiece.

The time came when Roderic's fever reached a climax. He managed to entice the girl into his private apartments and lock the door. Once there, he dropped his mask of fatherly protector. The lamb was irretrievably in the jaws of the wolf, and the man's racial brutality found its long-awaited outlet.

Afterwards, when Count Julian held in his arms his shocked and outraged Florinda, he swore, like Rigoletto, to exact a fearful vengeance from the Gothic despot. Himself a Catholic, he fomented the indignation of the whole Catholic church and planned with its dignitaries nothing less than the overthrow of the Goths in Spain.

In the year 709 A.D., while the western world was universally decadent, the eastern hemisphere prospered and was conquering fresh territory in all



directions. The Arabs had spread over Asia. Persia had been invaded. Then Greece. Now they had stormed Cyrenaica, won Tripolitania, and were already established in Algeria—across what they termed "the narrow water."

It was to the Moslem conquerors that Count Julian turned, with the proposal that they should invade his own country.

At first they were suspicious, deeming it odd that a Christian should open his gates to a Moslem. But when Count Julian related to Musa Ben Noseir the actual state of affairs in every sphere of Spanish daily life, the Moslem chieftain was greatly shocked. Though the reply he gave was non-committal, very little time elapsed before he put into action one of the most spectacular plans for an invasion in history. Less than a year had passed since the rape of Florinda before the coast of Andalusia was overrun by the Arabs.

General Taric was in command of the first contingent of troops. He had brought several thousand

At the banquet, Teodomir introduced one of his "warriors" who had caused Abdelaziz so much concern that he freely granted such favourable conditions of armistice

At Kenis Rebina, a farm near Seville, which Abdelaziz had embellished with every luxury, he spent many happy hours with his beloved Egilona

horse with him through the Straits—then called "the Pillar of Hercules," and afterwards renamed after himself, Jebel el Taric (the Rock of Taric), or Gibraltar. Immediately after his troops were landed, huge fires were seen to mount up towards the sky. Taric had cut off his retreat by burning his boats—a sign of indomitable purpose among the fierce fighters of the East. The sight of Arabian cavalry charging over the sleepy plains of Andalusia terrorised the inhabitants, who scattered in all directions.

The first sign of opposition was offered by a small force of about 1700 knights and their followers; but these were swiftly defeated. Like locusts, the Arabs of General Taric swept on, leaving behind them a trail of death and desolation.

Meanwhile, Roderic, confident in his strength, mobilised an army of 90,000 men. He reviewed them in his royal chariot, accompanied by waving banners and every sort of insignia, just as though the occasion was one of mere military display. And thus he set forth to meet the despised invaders. . . .

Queen Egilona was confined at Seville; while poor Florinda was almost insane with grief at having been unconsciously the cause of this terrible crisis.

It was on the plain traversed by the River Guadalete that Roderic's army came face to face with the enemy. The Goths were numerically superior to the Arabs; but as fighters they were completely outclassed. The ferocious onslaught that followed spelt disaster for them. The flower of their nobility fell under the whirling scimitars of the Arabs, while Taric—detecting the King's whereabouts by the presence of the royal insignia—cut his way through, pounced on him like an eagle, and hacked him to pieces. In only three days of fighting Spain was done for. One after another, offering little or no resistance, her castles, fortresses and cities fell into the hands of the marauders. Everywhere they penetrated the Arabs were astounded at the richness of the loot that was theirs for the taking.

Taric's successes were so rapid that they aroused the jealousy of Musa Ben Noseir, then in Africa. He, too, decided to join in the pillage. Bringing with him 18,000 horsemen and a great number of infantry, he landed in Andalusia and began a campaign, taking an opposite direction to that of Taric. At the same time he sent orders to Taric to suspend further action until he heard to the contrary. But Taric, loth to lose the chance of piling up further glory and treasure, ignored the order and continued to advance in a northerly direction. Thus began the competition between the two leaders which culminated later in a tragic split.

Some time after this Musa's son, Abdelaziz arrived on the scene with 7000 horsemen and an imposing array of bowmen. The important part played by this young man in our narrative justifies the inclusion of a quotation from the work of Dr. J. A. Condé: "Abdelaziz Ben Musa was in the flower of his age; but though young, he was of a mild and thoughtful character. He was sufficiently prudent, notwithstanding the tenderness of his years; (*Continued on page* 54)

Perseus Flies Again

But a "Hurricane" took the Place of the Winged Sandals

By W. E. Johns

FLYING Officer Nigel Deane hummed softly to himself as, with the confidence of long practice, he slowly but firmly drew the joystick of his "Hurricane" back into his stomach. The aircraft responded by sweeping up and over in the first half of a loop; but on top of the loop it seemed to falter, the engine making strange noises.

"Can't take it, eh?" murmured the pilot, throttling back and allowing the machine to fall into a spin.

Bringing the "Hurricane" to even keel and easing the stick forward into a glide he lowered his wheels and surveyed the earth for the best field in which to make the forced landing that was now inevitable. There was little choice, for the country was heavily wooded, but he decided on a long pasture within easy reach. It was rather narrow, but there was no wind of importance. Sideslipping steeply at the finish over a large, isolated Georgian house, he put the machine down on the spot he had chosen. A mare, with a foal at heel, scampered away with much snorting and tail-swishing.

"All right, old lady," murmured Deane, as he jumped down. "Nobody's going to hurt you."

"HAVE you got a dump or something about here?" Deane inquired curiously

He knew just where to look for the trouble—the same that had been responsible for the test flight when he should have been having a pre-lunch short one in the ante-room.

Having made the necessary adjustment and tested the engine by running it up, he was about to taxi into position for a take-off when he observed a girl approaching with a swinging stride that told him she had a definite purpose in mind.

"Ah-huh," he breathed, regarding her closely, an operation that called for no effort; on the contrary, she was, he decided, extremely easy to look at—in spite of a rough tweed get-up which hardly showed her figure to advantage.

Reaching the machine she considered the pilot

with an expression that was frankly hostile. The metallic glint in her blue eyes toned well with the steel propeller, thought Deane. But he did not say so. Instead, he tried to disarm her with a smile. He saw at once that he might as well have tried to pacify an irritated tigress by the same means. Her eyes narrowed. The glint took on a more frosty character. Realising that the smile was not only a failure, but a tactical error, he allowed it to dissolve and resigned himself to what he knew was coming. She did not keep him waiting.

"Was this the only place you could find to park that damned Juggernaut?" she demanded crisply.

"Matter of fact, it was," he returned evenly.

The ready answer seemed to disconcert her. "What was it—the weather?"

"There was a bit of ice about up topsides—seems to be worse down here though."

"Didn't you see the mare in the field?"

"Well, I was rather a long way away for fine distinctions, but I must confess I saw an animal. I thought there was plenty of room for both of us."

She faltered—but only for a moment. "That foal might have fallen and hurt himself."

"So might I," he pointed out.

She unfroze a little. "All right. You won't mind staying where you are until I get the mare in her box?"

"Not in the least," he agreed airily. "The King's business can wait."

He settled down in the cockpit and for ten minutes watched the mare refuse every inducement to enter her stall. With a sigh he shed his parachute and joined in the enterprise. Between them they managed it, and, slightly breathless, rested against the stable door.

"Thanks," she said.

"Thank *you*," he returned.

Their eyes met. She laughed.

"Sorry I was a bit terse," she relented.

"Sorry I had to park my Juggernaut in your back yard," he responded.

She hesitated. "Like a drink?"

"Love one."

"Come in." She led the way to the house, picking a circuitous path between what were unmistakably bomb craters.

"My word! You *have* been having fun," he observed. "I begin to understand why you don't like aeroplanes."

An elderly, rather stout man with a grey but aggressive moustache, a suntanned cheek and calculating eye, met them on the steps.

"Ha! Hallo Joan—there you are. So you caught the rascal, did you?" he barked. "What are you going to do with him now you've got him—eh?"

"Give him a drink," she returned calmly. "He couldn't help it."

"Ha! Of course he couldn't. What the devil did you expect? I remember once at Poona——"

"Yes, darling, I know that one," she interrupted sweetly.

She turned to the airman. "This is my father — Colonel Rusby."

"My name's Deane — Nigel Deane," the pilot told them quietly.

"Deane—Deane—knew a fellow of that name once at Quetta. What are you—wing commander or something?"

"No sir, just a flying officer," returned Deane sadly.

"All the same to me, my boy—all the same to me. So many damn ranks nowadays——"

"Daddy, what about this drink?"

"Of course, my dear, of course. Come in, my boy. Still got a decent drop of sherry, thank God. You'll find us a bit draughty—got our windows blown out, dammit."

They all had sherry. Deane remarked that it was good sherry—which, in fact, it was. The colonel said it was damn good sherry. They had another. Joan then left them, to see—so she said—about lunch. They had another sherry.

"Might as well drink it as get it thrown in our faces," growled the colonel. "Blasted bombs all over the place. If they put one in my cellar someone will hear about it—yes, by God."

"I noticed that you seem to have had a noisy time here."

"Noisy—ha! Too damn noisy. Frighten every bird off the place if it goes on."

"Have you got a dump or

"BY Jove! There it is," he went on tersely, pointing to a dark speck that was streaking across the sky

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

something about here?" asked Deane curiously.

The colonel snorted. "Dump—ha! Yes. This is it."

Deane stared. "You mean—the Boche—are bombing this actual house?"

"That's what I said, didn't I? If the damn feller was any good at his job he'd have got us before now."

Deane's amazed expression was genuine. "Fellow?"

"Yes. German named Leffens—Rudolf Leffens. He's had three goes at us. Rotten shooting. Too much elevation. Hit the fowl house, the damn fool. I'm waiting for him to come back. I'll pepper his blasted hide." The colonel indicated a battery of weapons that stood in line just inside the door. They began at one end with a heavy Express rifle and tailed down to a double-barrelled twenty-bore. Handy on a table, arranged in groups, were piles of cartridges of different calibres. "Killed five elephants in one day with that Express," went on the colonel casually. "What'll stop a seventy-pound tusker ought to stop a damn warming-pan on wings."

"If you can hit it."

The colonel bristled, glaring. "What the hell do you mean—if I can hit it?"

"I'm not questioning your shooting, sir," explained Deane quickly. "I don't understand. How can you know the actual man? Why should he——?"

"Have some sherry," broke in the colonel. "Good stuff—what? This damn feller Leffens had the brass face to cock his hat at my gal—winter before last, at Davos. She gave him the bird. Feller must have a hide like a rhino—followed her home, dammit. Infernal impudence. I threw him out on his ear—yes, by God. Kicked him through the gate. He said he'd be back. Didn't know what he meant then, but we know now. He's been. Nearly made the mare drop her foal, blast him."

"But how on earth do you know it's the same man?"

"Last time he came over he came so low we could spot his war-paint. Got a dragon sort of thing painted on his snout."

"But how does that help you to identify him?"

"Here—look at this." The colonel picked up a copy of an American magazine and whipped fiercely through the pages. "The gal who was with Joan at Davos is in America. She knew about Leffens so she sent us this paper. Ah, here we are. Here he is."

Deane found himself staring at a picture of an officer of the German Air Force standing beside an aircraft which he recognised at once as a Junkers dive bomber; on the cowling was painted a dragon, rampant. The caption announced that the officer was Lieutenant Rudolf Leffens, recently decorated for successful raids on Britain.

"Good God!" breathed Deane. "What a skunk the fellow must be."

"They're all skunks—the whole damn tribe," rapped out the colonel.

"But haven't you reported this to the Home Office, or somebody?"

"Home Office? What the hell for?"

"They might do something about it," suggested Deane lamely.

"When I want reinforcements I'll send for 'em—yes, by God." The colonel gave his moustache a vicious twirl.

"But you can't stay here with this going on," protested Deane.

The colonel started as if he'd been stung. He thrust forward a chin that reminded Deane of the bows of a destroyer. "What do you mean—can't stay here? Who's going to put me out, eh?"

"It isn't a question of putting."

The colonel's face flamed scarlet. "Dammit, sir, do you suppose I've never been under fire?"

Deane refused to be intimidated. "If Leffens is going to make a habit of this he'll get you sooner or later," he insisted.

"That's what he thinks, no doubt, but I've winged faster birds than that stinking sardine tin he tears about in."

"All the same, I think you'd be wise to consider moving to fresh quarters until——" Deane's voice faded away as the colonel advanced slowly round the table. His face had deepened to a shade of crimson approaching purple.

"Are you suggesting," he said in a voice that was ominously calm, "are you suggesting that I abandon my position?"

"Er—er—no, sir."

The colonel took a deep breath. "Good. I thought for a moment you were." He tapped Deane on the chest with a stiff finger. "I'd have you know, my boy, that I've (*Continued on page* 56)

BOOKS: *Reviewed by*

Noel Thompson

I WOULD like to run a competition on "Why I read books," and I would not mind betting that out of a hundred answers there would not be two the same. But surely in essence it boils down to a desire to lose yourself and at the same time to acquire something. If that is so I can recommend "Go, Lovely Rose" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) as a universal panacea, first of all because Margaret Trouncer knows how to write, and next because she has something to say which goes deeper than an ordinary tale. The lovely inanimate surroundings make a background in sympathy with the characters and the stylish writing gives the effect of a Gobelin tapestry, which the beauty of the religious thought and language enhances.

Richard de Haute-Fontaine and the beautiful Countess Diana have a passionate *affaire* which might be a model and a warning. And later the love of Richard for the Russian Princess Anastasia bears the stamp of one of the great loves of history, to which the setting of St. Petersburg and Paris at the end of the nineteenth century adds. And ever present is the lure of the contemplative, the call of the Sons of the Resurrection, the Carthusian Order of Monks, who are portrayed with a rare sympathy and understanding. An artistic triumph, this.

"Hankow Return" (Collins, 9s. 6d.) brings us back to the thoroughly earthly with a bump. This is a good tale about the fighting between China and Japan, a tale of dud ammunition of which the source must be traced, of fighting in the air, and of the lighter life of Hong Kong and Shanghai which C. S. Archer obviously knows extremely well. In fact, this might be taken as a newcomer's guide book to China and the Chinese, carefully annotated, and with an excellent and exciting plot, expounded with humour and verve, a welcome addition to any one's bookshelf.

But if you can return to Hankow, Johan Fabricius says there is "No Return from Bali" (Collins, 8s.). Though I still do not see the reason for this title I think I understand the author's message, that you can try too hard for happiness. He knows enchanted Bali intimately and there are vivid descriptions of the island, and detailed accounts of the native ceremonies mingled in this psychological tale of a man who went native but found force of circumstances too strong, or his own mentality too weak, and was lured back to civilisation. The character of the natives, and especially of the girl, Karte, are carefully studied and the inevitable rich visitors described. After reading this I feel more than ever Bali minded.

Madness is a horrible thing, but Maude Harrison manages to make it human, interesting and less grim, though still horrible, in "Spinners Lake" (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.). She herself is a journalist who had a nervous breakdown and for six months had to be cared for in a mental home. On her experiences she has based this book, which tells of the awful torturing from a false conscience, of the cruelly untrue suggestions by "voices," of her puzzled existence in a world where she believed everything was faked to deceive her, and of the gradual recovery. But this is not a masochistic book. In places, such as the descriptions of some of the other residents and of the nurses, and more especially in one delightful poem written by an inmate, it is convincingly lighthearted. It is impossible to define sanity, but this book helps towards it, and is decidedly unusual.

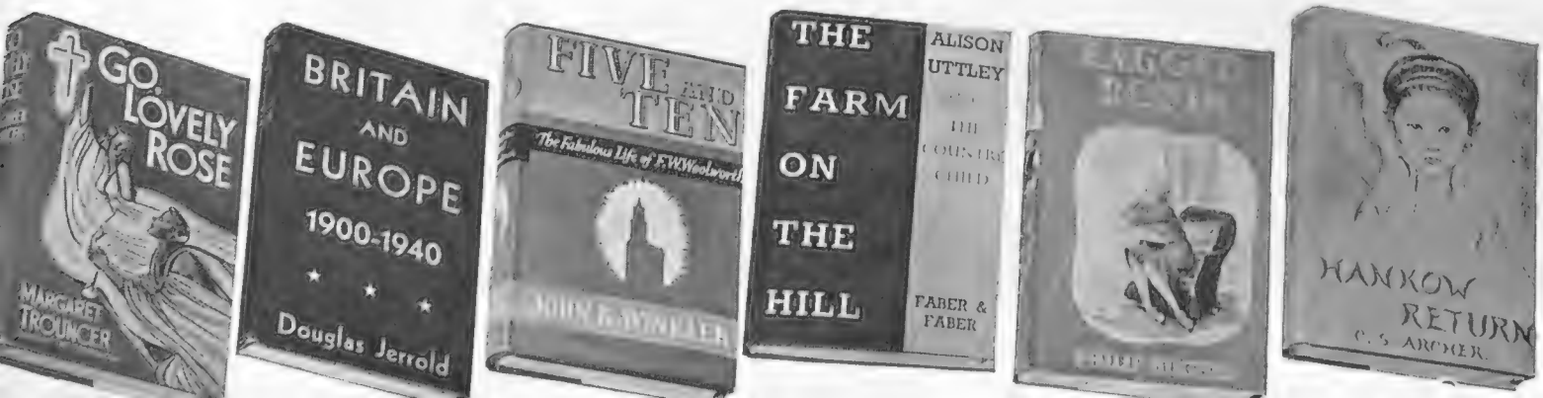
A MENTAL home features again in another unusual book, "The Lie Triumphant" (Chapman and Hall, 8s.) by Reyner Barton. One day is described as seen through the eyes of a rather shiftless, at times unpleasant, but innately charming, man. And then the same day as seen by his elderly, tactless, sister. An epilogue by a younger sister whom they have visited in a mental home, where she is staying (suffering from loss of memory following a motoring accident in which she has killed her lover), rounds it off. It is an ambitious idea, revealing the childish things, the trivial happenings, which have such an effect on (*Continued on page* 61)

Down on the Farm

TWO novels this month have for their background a farm, and curiously enough in each the heroine is called Susan, but there all resemblance ends. Of the two I prefer "The Farm on the Hill" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.). Alison Uttley has already produced most of the characters in "The Country Child," but I for one welcome their reappearance. They breathe the very spirit of the countryside as it was in 1900 and as it still remains in many parts of England. Susan the twelve-year-old; Margaret, her mother; Tom Garland, fourth generation of farmer; Becky the maid; Joshua the old handyman; Dan, the farm boy and the others. The authoress knows every detail of her subject better than the palm of her hand. Pictures of the pig killing (how it makes the mouth water to think of 68 lb. of home-cured bacon), of a party, of going to school, of trying for a scholarship, and a masterpiece of descriptive writing about Susan trying to do her homework at night in the farm kitchen make up this simply planned book written by an expert. Regretfully I said good-bye.

In "Sackcloth for Susan" (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), the scene changes to New Zealand. Rosemary Rees wrote this book for the most part in an air raid shelter, scribbling night after night on her knees while the guns roared and the bombs thudded, but there is no mention of war in it.

Susan even as a child felt confident of running her own life and that of most of her family and friends, but she soon learned that things are not as simple as she thought. This is a straightforward story, lightly written with a sense of humour, a sense of scenery and a sense of the dramatic, sufficient ingredients to make any book enjoyable.



On Duty—and Off

TWO women were lunching with me a little while ago. Both of them had come to London for the day, one to shop, the other to have her hair done and a manicure. They are both working hard in the country. One manages the housekeeping side of a maternity hospital which is housed in her own home and the other goes out with a mobile canteen which serves posts in the most out-of-the-way part of her county. Clothes used to play an important part in the life of my mobile canteen woman. Now, five enormous pre-war wardrobe trunks and about twenty hat boxes belonging to her are parked in my box-room, and she keeps one suit for day trips to London, that is all. Although she does not dress up for London, she does pay just as much attention to keeping her good looks intact as ever she did, and when the war is over she is going to be just as lovely to look at as she was in the piping days of peace.

By Jane Gordon

DISCUSSING the comparative importance of various beauty angles, I voiced the opinion that by far the most important are the Zena Daysh treatments. These combine posture, exercise and massage. A course of treatments, which varies according to the client's requirements, gives her the perfect foundation for all beauty treatments.

In England, we have never paid enough attention to body treatments. Various beauty parlours do massage for various sections of the body, such as shoulders, back, arms and legs, or they will give leg treatments; but here is a woman who examines each client, and before she starts treatment she knows exactly what she is aiming to achieve. The client is placed before a large mirror and taught how to stand. You probably think you know how to stand, but I am prepared to bet two dozen oranges to a halfpenny that you do not stand correctly, and posture mistakes, as any doctor can tell you, are responsible for a great deal of bad health.

On Duty

Having straightened a client out, a course of exercises designed to improve figure faults is planned. Meantime, measurements have been taken and recorded and the client is given an idea as to how her figure will be moulded into its true form. Exercises are followed by complete body massage. This deals with the slack muscles and inspires the circulation to throw off impurities, which are inclined to settle in the muscular tissues. A particularly good oil is used for the massage, which leaves the skin deliciously supple and velvety, and yet does not leave you feeling sticky in any way.

Advice on diet is given, but Zena Daysh is not a faddist, nor does she go in for any of those idiotic semi-starvation diets that were so popular in pre-war days. Her great aim and object is to straighten you out, and her method is a brilliant combination of nagging, encouragement and just enough subtle flattery to give you sufficient self-confidence to carry on the good work which she will effectively start.

I am not much of a believer in the daily dozen unless they are prescribed by an expert for the individual woman according to her needs. Your needs and mine are probably totally different. The aim and object should be to counteract muscle fatigue, which is a real danger in war-time. You are discouraged or worried or tired, probably all three, and so your muscles sag. The actual displacement and dropping of the internal organs caused by this general drooping will increase your feeling of discouragement, and so it becomes a vicious circle. If you can do five minutes' exercises in the morning which are designed specially to act as a tonic on your system, and at the same time you get into the habit of holding yourself (Continued on page 68)

MY great-grandfather was, I believe, one of the most famous old misers of his day and I remember being told as a child that in spite of his enormous wealth he used to allow his eight daughters only two bonnets each a year—one felt bonnet in the winter and one straw bonnet in the summer. This miserly blood must have run rather thin because thrift is not one of my family's virtues to-day. However, during the last year I have only had two "bonnets"—one red felt last winter and one white straw this summer; both from Aage Thaarup, who in my opinion is the best "hatter" in the world.

He showed me the collection of autumn hats which he is sending out to America and if I know my America he is in for an enormous success. He is introducing the Tudor hats in felts and in velvets garnished with steel buckles and curly ostrich feathers. One sugar-loaf model in a pearly grey felt which he calls "Valley Mist" has a wine-coloured curled ostrich feather on one side. A Tudor red velvet hat has a tall rouched velvet crown and little straight brim. There is a matching feather mount and a beautifully cut steel buckle placed at the centre front. Another hat of the same tall crown variety is called "Mild and Bitter" and is in a pinky-brick felt with a straight flat brim worked in a pattern like bricks. At the centre front of the crown there is the "Elephant and Castle" sign. Thaarup will trim this hat with your own favourite pub sign—you have the "Rose and Crown," or the "White Hart" or the "Red Lion." "Altar Gates" should go well in America. This is a Thames Blue felt hat with the frontage trimming of wrought ironwork inspired by bits of ironwork left standing after the City Fire. There is an amusing white fox felt sports hat of a modified Homburg shape which has a bunch of bus tickets stuck in the ribbon at one side. He uses these bus tickets in the same way that you would a small feather mount and there are some charming dining hats, very high-backed movement, one with long Nottingham lace streamers which are wound round the neck.

Off Duty

Times have certainly changed and in these days if you go away to the country you need to take your smartest evening clothes with you, whereas if you come up to London you leave them at home in the cupboard. It is extraordinary how quickly one's eye gets accustomed to certain fashions. Evening dress, I mean real evening dress, has become so rare in London that if a woman goes out dining or dancing in a sleeveless frock cut low at the back, she is remarkably conspicuous and looks almost as naked as if she was wearing her scanties. The most useful thing you can possibly have now is a number of evening (Continued on page 69)

Have you lost your VERVE?

Verve is the resilient mainspring of your being, the barometer of your vitality. It can be lowered by physical stress, mental strain, emotional shock, for its facets are of the body, mind and spirit. Consequently, whatever the cause through which verve has been lowered, the results are always the same, depression, a clouded mind, every physical weakness intensified.

Now then, to restore verve—the pivot on which you revolve—firstly, apply commonsense in diagnosing the cause of loss and correcting it; then take a rest, a change, and form a new interest, which should have an emotional core.

Don't be irritated by reading the words: change, rest, new interest, because these seem rather more than usually difficult to procure. They can be obtained, if you are content to be healed by simple means; the will to be well is one of the essentials in restoring verve.

To take lack of sleep as one of the simple and most frequent causes of lack of verve. After a bad night you will suffer all day from a heavy head, burning eyes, a slight cold, and a feeling of nausea, which is a sick dizziness. If you don't have this, there will be the sensation of emptiness in the pit of the stomach. Don't try and fill it with bread or heavy feeding, your digestion will not be able to cope with food, and trouble will accumulate.

Hot, weak, unbrewed tea is your cup, because tea has a tonic value in all cases of shock, of which loss of verve is one. Thin brown bread and honey will settle the stomach, because honey is an antidote for dizziness.

Then cancel engagements made for after-work hours, and return to a good warm bath—warmth is the first safeguard whenever there is loss of tone—pour a tablespoon of ammonia or a handful of common soda, or better still, Epsom Salts, into this. Any of these alkalis will neutralise the acids given off by your skin. Acids will be plentiful because in a system that is under par the organs do not assimilate and expel a balanced ration, but an acid one. This is why the limp feeling of fatigue increases and rest is so important.

A rub with methylated spirits, or, if you have it, eau-de-Cologne or lavender water after the bath will invigorate. Don't forget to rub over the soles of the feet.

The time has come to have another cup of tea before proceeding with treatment. Judge your headache. If it is neuralgic with a definite streak of pain, smear Bengue's balsam down the angle, take two crushed aspirins and get into bed with a hot-water bottle. Warmth is re-vitalising even on a summer's day.

If the head pain is dull and the head-piece feels congested, fly massage with the three fingers of either hand from the base of the skull to the base of the neck. Next, press heavily with these fingers over the same area, spreading the movement away along the base of the cranium to the ears, pressing the scalp up from the skull. Then place the thumbs over either ear and let the fingers meet over the fore-head, lifting the scalp gently at first, then vigorously. Finally, bend the head back, and pressing the fingers into the hollows either side of where head and spine meet, work these firmly round and round. This will renew circulation.

If your face crops out in spots each time your system runs down, apply an acid-clearing skin food. As its ingredients are mainly herbal, this semi-medical aid has not been affected by the quota, and under its remedial qualities a wilting skin will rapidly change complexion. A special preparative cleanser precedes its use (made in three strengths, for dry, normal and greasy skins).

Next morning this cleanser is used again, more skin food put on, capped by a lotion that drives it deep into the pores, yet leaves a perfect surface ready for make-up. Acid-clearing skin food should certainly be used on a restorative night.

Burning eyes will be relieved by pads soaked in witch-hazel. It's bed for you in any case, after the bath, and another cup of tea. In case you wake up ravenous later—the first sign of recovery—have a plate of salad, fruit and cheese, if you have it, set by. Also a glass of milk.

In cases where verve has been lost for some time, an inner-clean by means of high douching is advisable, to clear the colon of toxic mucus which will have been thrown off through sheer debility. If allowed to remain, this acts as a hot-bed for rubbish, stoppage and infection.

Bed, as soon as work is ended, should be the rule until verve returns. Seize the first chance you can of a change, even the busiest people can take an occasional weekend. If you haven't friends to stay with choose some funny named station in Cornwall, Somerset or Wales. Go there with the lightest bag and your essential rations. Even in these days of billeting and evacuees, there are still farms where you can get a good night's lodging, only they will not be advertising it. The adventure will make a break for you. Country dwellers should take a trip to town.

Tonic foods should not be forgotten. Sanatogen, if your loss of verve is due to (Continued on page 63)

MAKESHIFT MAKE-UP

Here are some simple substitutes for beauty aids in case you run short and have to wait for your favourite preparation

Lash Grower

Castor oil slipped along the roots of the lashes grows them and bestows a becoming gleam: to feed the lids and prevent them from shrivelling, precede the castor oil by a streak of olive oil. To grow lashes longer still, mix castor oil and almond oil. Use the minimum.

Bracing Lotion

One teaspoonful of spirits of camphor in a quart of water gives a face-rinse that whitens, tightens and enlivens the skin, but it is drying and cannot be used more than once a week, say before special outings, or it will parch the skin. In any event, counteract the over-stimulating effects of this tightening by soaking the face in olive oil later at night.

Face Cleaner

Olive oil, a dessertspoonful, warmed till it reaches the fluidity of milk, removes make-up as effectively as any cream. Pass it over the face on finger-tips and wipe clear with cotton wool wrung out in water. Distilled extract of witch-hazel is the toning lotion *par excellence* after this.

The same amount of olive oil should be used as a skin-food three times a week after a soap and water wash. After massaging in the warm oil, hold a towel-covered hot water bottle to the cheeks and forehead, then bury the face in a towel that has been wrung out in cold water. The heat ensures assimilation and takes away stickiness, the coolness closes the pores.

Skin food for alternative nights: zinc ointment. A smear only, patted well in.

To Hide Spots

Tip a spirits of camphor bottle to the cork, and dab the cork on the blemish. The liquid will dry in a white film; it will also draw out inflammation in the shortest possible time and cure any eruption, including a cold on the lip.

To Bleach

Wipe sun marks with cucumber rind. If possible, bind it on. The rind is especially soothing to hands and arms. If face and neck have been badly burned, lie down with thin slices of cucumber pulp massed over it.

Cucumber juice is as effective as the pulp and can be bottled. For this, place the thinnest slices on a slanting board, pound them and let the juice drip into a bowl. Dab it on the face and keep dabbing till dry. To allow any juice or liquid to dry by evaporation coarsens the skin.

Whip the juice into zinc ointment, till the latter has reached the consistency of milk, and use it as a bleach feed. No cream will bring tan to a mellower tone, or so completely refine the skin.

Lettuce Mask

After a good soap and water cleanse, cover the face and neck with slightly bruised lettuce leaves, paste these to the skin with the white of an egg, whipped. Lie down for twenty minutes. Then remove the mask by submerging the face in bath-towelling that has been wrung out in hot water. Be sure all albumen is taken off, puff out the cheeks, twitch the nose, exercise the face muscles. Flick in a touch of the cucumber and zinc skin food, wipe, and note the all-round brightening.

Yeast Mask

Buy three pennyworth of yeast and drip in enough milk to make a thick paste. Layer it evenly over your face after it has been cleansed and thinly coated with skin food. Start paste-layering from the base of the neck, contouring carefully to the temples, and fill in from the nose out. On most skins this mask will peel when the good work is complete, but it can be assisted to do so after thirty minutes by steaming towelling. Wipe thoroughly.

Mould lusciously with cucumber and zinc skin food and wipe this away after ten minutes with witch-hazel. The face is now ready for make-up; it will be set firmer, fairer, and younger.

By CHRYSIS. **War conditions have brought their own beauty troubles. If you want help with yours, or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, Number One, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1**

AS YOU GO

Exercises to make you

AS YOU WERE

By Vere Denning

Life these days doesn't leave many of us with much opportunity for regular exercises. But it's not any fun to find a waistline thickening, hips spreading. The remedy is, if you're a busy person, to find ways of slipping in exercises as you go, to keep you looking as you were.

Make your household chores work for your figure. If you must do chores, you might as well get something out of them in addition to a well-run house.

Standing jobs about the house can be pitfalls, or beauty-makers.

Take a look at your shape when you telephone. How does it go? One hip thrust out, weight on one foot, head poked down and forward? Tut, tut, my girl, you're just carving yourself a hump and a spread stomach.

Stand with your weight evenly distributed . . . it's less tiring, anyway. Brace your stomach in, pull in your tail, tilt the pelvis forward—the stance should be as if you were drawing in to avoid a good kick. Keep your head erect, holding the mouthpiece of the telephone high so that you are forced to hold your head up straight as you talk.

When you pick up a rug, bend from the hips with the knees perfectly straight

Washing-up, nastiest of household jobs, is more exhausting still if you slump over the sink. You are not helped, I know, by the fact that most sinks seem designed exclusively for the comfort of dwarfs, but at least you can stand fair and square on your two feet and avoid rounding your shoulders.

Making beds involves stretching and pulling movements that are excellent for the bust, shoulders and waist. Don't crouch but stretch as far across the bed as you can go, keeping your back straight, not humped. When hanging up the washing have the clothes line a little higher than you think you need it, so that you will really feel the pull of your stretching movements, just below the waist.

The blackout curtains are not the problem they were, these long evenings, but they have to be pulled sooner or later, and this job can be a beautifier if you remember to stretch up and up, to grasp the curtains near the top, breathing in as you do so and out as you drop your arms. Feel your lungs expand, your chest swell, your shoulders flatten out. Try to breathe deeply and rhythmically whatever you are doing. This alone is a fine exercise. It removes stagnation in the lungs, purifies the blood and hurries it round the body.

When you start to think that bending's boring, that's a danger signal. It's a sign you are getting a little older, more set, less supple, than any woman should in these days of perpetual youthfulness. Your waistline cannot be trim if you don't bend and stretch, but if you can't manage deliberate exercises to keep it that way, cheat yourself into doing them in the course of the day's work. When you pick up precious hairpins from the floor; when you stoop to switch on an electric fire; as you dust a skirting or pick up a rug, bend from the hips with the knees straight, and come up neatly, with a tidy movement.

Bend and stretch as you start to dress

Bend and stretch as you dress. Make the movement of fastening your side and back suspenders work for you, pulling round farther, farther, so that there is a tug on the waist and hips.

Stretch up and out as you brush your hair, so that you can feel the muscles which hold up your bosom being exercised. Roll your head from side to side as you brush your hair, and at other odd moments of the day when you're alone. This is to guard against flabby chin and throat muscles, fatal givers-away of lost looks.

When shelling peas see that you sit properly on your chair

Plenty of household jobs can be done sitting, and you can combine a secret exercise or so with such occupations as darning, or shelling peas. Sit properly on your chair, not balanced on the edge or sideways, but supporting yourself to the base of the spine, and sitting erect against the back of the chair.

As you sit and work, help your midriff to lessen by contracting and relaxing the stomach muscles. Don't push your stomach in and out by breathing—that's of no use to any one. Pull the muscles in, in, in, as if you were trying to make them touch your spine. Then relax. Repeat half a dozen times. Do this exercise whenever you can.

Walk up and downstairs properly, on the balls of your feet, erect as an Edwardian *grande dame*. They knew what they were about in the days when women were made to carry themselves straight. Look at the energy and grace of women of seventy and up if you doubt it. Can you honestly hope to equal them when you are their age? Not if you go on slouching and slumping and sitting on your shoulder-blades in too-deep armchairs.

Exercise your eyes by looking first at a distant object, then at one close to your face. Or shut your eyes and watch an imaginary figure on a swing.

Ward off nose to mouth lines by blowing imaginary bubbles, puffing out your cheeks when you are quite sure of a moment's privacy.

And keep your chin up, not only metaphorically but literally. Stretch the back of your neck up as you stand, walk or sit, so that your chin is raised to a line that will not encourage another to find a home underneath it.

HOLIDAY AT HOME

No holiday plans this year? Nonsense. Authority smiles on a short holiday for everyone, so it is all the more necessary to plan in order to get the last ounce out of the short leisure to which we are entitled. Besides, planning is fun.

Bedrock for any holiday design is this:

Whatever you have been doing during the last twelve months, stop doing it during your holiday. Or, anyway, stop it as far as you can.

Gardeners stop digging for victory. Travellers stop at home. Stay-puts get out of the house. Fuss-pots stop fussing. Lazybones, shake a leg. Whatever your job is, you will do it a hundred per cent. better for downing tools during your precious recess.

I think I heard a snort like a rumble of thunder from the gardening army at the idea of downing tools. Being a gardener myself, I appreciate that there are jobs to do which must be done. Do them, if you can't get anyone to stand in for you; otherwise, cease work. You will dig and delve all the better for a complete respite. If you cannot go away, it would be fun to stroll around your garden with an objective eye; enjoy it, for once, without that old hag, Gardener's Conscience, "yo-ho-ho-ing" in your ear. And certainly go around looking at other people's gardens. Many are being opened this summer for charity.

But cease work is only the reverse side of the holiday medal. How best to use and enjoy a wartime holiday is the question.

If you are able to leave home, yet, like a good citizen, do not intend to clutter up the railways or use up accommodation which is sorely needed by the sick or maimed, there are a heap of things you can do. Here are a few suggestions. Take a hiking, bicycling, or riding holiday.

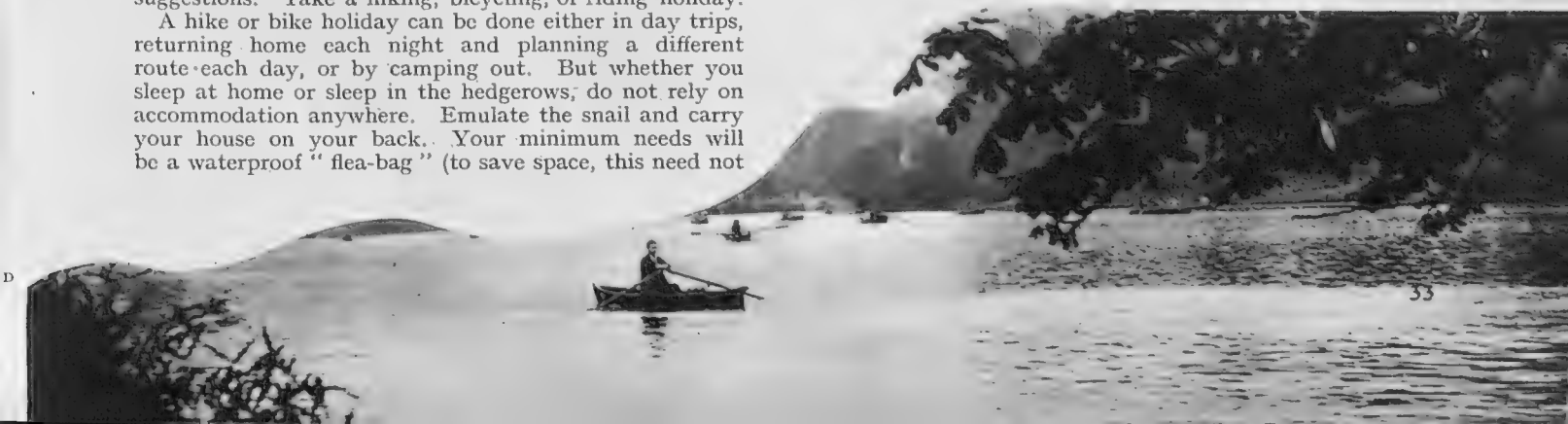
A hike or bike holiday can be done either in day trips, returning home each night and planning a different route each day, or by camping out. But whether you sleep at home or sleep in the hedgerows, do not rely on accommodation anywhere. Emulate the snail and carry your house on your back. Your minimum needs will be a waterproof "flea-bag" (to save space, this need not be padded, but can be filled with hay, straw, or bracken at night); billy-can and fry-pan; tin plate, folding knife, fork and spoon; salt and pepper in one; oilskins; change of socks or stockings; emergency rations.

Don't expect to get farm produce, or things out of tins in local towns. You will probably have to feed in small cafés, tea-shops, pubs, or fried-fish shops: and excellent these can be.

Owing to feeding difficulties, I do not recommend a riding tour in wartime, even a short one, unless arrangements can be made, in advance, for tack and stabling. But why not hire a horse by the day? Hacking is a grand way to learn more about your own countryside, or, if you live in town, to get to know the off-the-beaten-tracks of the home counties.

Take a sandwich luncheon with you. Your liquid refreshment can be had at the "local." If you loosen his girths, your mount will enjoy a crop of the sweet grass while you rest in the afternoon. Don't ride him too hard. Remember, he is living on short commons, just as you are. Hire will cost you about seven shillings an hour for the first hour, three and sixpence for each succeeding hour. By the day about one guinea; or you can come to some arrangement with the stables for the whole of your holiday.

Given good weather, the river is one of the better kinds of wartime holiday. Living on the water, one loses sense of time; the jagged bits that torture tired nerves are dissolved in the silent flow of the deep, cool waters. There is the great advantage, too, over the hiking or biking holiday, that every necessity can be carried with you comfortably. (Continued on page 62)



Left: Duncombe Park, designed in 1713, typifies the magnificence of the Palladian development. The designs of this era were not always practical, but they founded a tradition from which many lovely, smaller houses have since sprung. (Courtesy of "The English Country House.") Below: Sussex stone and timber were used for this exquisite example of Tudor architecture. Decoration was incidental to these designs, which were inspired by need alone, yet the result is a perfect union of symmetry and simplicity.

WHEN WE BUILD

It may be that when Britain comes to be remade we shall each, in some way, play a part in the reconstruction. Some of us will be building new houses of our own; all of us have a duty to discharge in working for a unity of ideals which will ensure a new Britain more beautiful than the old.

To do this we must know something about the history of English building, because that history is rich in beauty and skill and prolific in experiment, upon which we can draw for information and guidance.

There have been other times in our history before these when a frenzy of preoccupation with reconstruction has swept the land. These were, too, mainly from causes not dissimilar from those of to-day.

As the Middle Ages faded, for instance, and the Wars of the Roses struggled to their end, many troublous features of the English scene were banished, and the British people, free at last from strife and the violent interruption of their progress, turned their thoughts to domestic architecture. For the first time, they began to build houses in which comfort took precedence over defence.

This was at the beginning of the prosperous Tudor era. The new houses were homes, though habit still asserted itself in occasional battlemented parapets and defensive towers. But windows everywhere were larger and there was a general disregard for danger, with increased benefit to beauty.

These early Tudor houses were of brick or stone, with stone mullioned windows. It was later (in the reign of Henry VIII.) that a wider use of brick was made, and there is eloquent material for our consumption in those romantic designs of mellowed brick and timber in these days of hideous crudity in brick.

Timbered houses, those we so commonly associate with Tudor architecture, were most numerous in the North, where, apparently, the materials were most easily available. A need inseparable from the circumstances and the difficulties of transport obtaining at that time was to build with the materials available on the spot. Thus there were brick and timber houses in the timber districts and stone houses in the downland country. It is sad that this practice should have disappeared, for in no other way can architecture be so perfectly united with its natural surroundings.

The design of the Tudor houses was almost entirely guided by requirements. They were simple, symmetrical and livable, according to the standards of the time. It was much later that utility gave precedence to decoration, although these Tudor houses were often masterpieces of unaffected beauty.

In the sixteenth century, the Renaissance brought a fresh spate of building and a new conception of design. A continued influx of Italian craftsmen to the country, all bringing new ideas and information as to foreign practice, along with the discovery at about this time of the remains of the ancient Greek and Roman buildings, gave the English much to think about. There followed inevitably a period of some confusion, during which classical decoration became unhappily confused with the Gothic tradition; but as time went on, certain vital influences made themselves felt and a new era of architectural understanding was begun.

Among these influences the greatest was perhaps the work of one Inigo Jones, a young architect who had been

Left : There is strength and elegance, simplicity and delicate proportioning allied to usefulness in the designs of the Queen Anne period, during which time some of the finest work of English architecture was achieved.

Above : Bow windows and Trafalgar balconies enrich this house at Exeter, which is typical of the elegant Regency design. It was built in 1810. (Courtesy of "The English Country House.")

Right : The modern design borrows nothing from tradition, and pays tribute only to simplicity of form and the practices of comfort and convenience.

Below : A design in the English vernacular. A timber and plaster cottage of the fifteenth century, typifying one of the earliest forms of building, and probably the most beloved.

IT UP AGAIN

LET US COMBINE THE BEST TRADITIONS OF THE PAST WITH THE COMFORT AND UTILITY OF THE PRESENT

By Winifred Lewis

befriended by the Earl of Pembroke and sent to study in Italy, where he came under the influence of Andrea Palladio, a master of his craft, whose style, known as the Palladian, is modelled on the ancient Roman.

There are few remains of the superb architectural creations of Inigo Jones, but it was he whose influence was to set the course of English domestic architecture upon a new and magnificent path during the next century and a half.

Jones' work in the Palladian style of majestic pillars, arcaded façades and exquisite ornamentation has probably never been surpassed. These designs were magnificent rather than practical, and were more suitable to the great houses of the day than to the smaller dwellings, which at that time went on appearing in brick and timber, but he founded a tradition from which many later and exquisite adaptations have sprung.

Christopher Wren, born in 1632, brought yet a fresh and later influence into domestic architecture. The Wren design was simpler than those of the Palladian copyists. His houses were smaller, homelier and yet elegant, with brick façades and large, beautifully proportioned windows. He enjoyed great popularity for a while, until a new fever for the Palladian theme was reborn. From then onward, the simple, beautiful Wren tradition persisted, side by side with the Palladian theme of stately columns and classic ornamentation, until Robert Adam, a young Scotch architect (1754), appeared upon the scene to give a new and personal stimulus to English classicism.

To-day it is the interior design, the fireplace, the ceilings and the staircases of Robert Adam, as well as the furniture and decoration of his brother, that are most admired and remembered. His houses were graceful and delicate in the classical conception, but they enjoyed

only a short-lived popularity, for it seems that a genius for decorative design stopped short of practical utility, which was then rapidly assuming some importance.

Still another revival of the Greek tradition followed upon the Robert Adam phase. This brought the ornate, the gilded and the rococo fantasies of the Regency period. Ornamental ironwork was a new and exquisite feature of the day. Stairs and balustrades, balconies and gates and canopied verandahs were numerous and exquisitely intricate in design. Later in the century these designs became simpler (Continued on page 60)

DRESS GUIDANCE

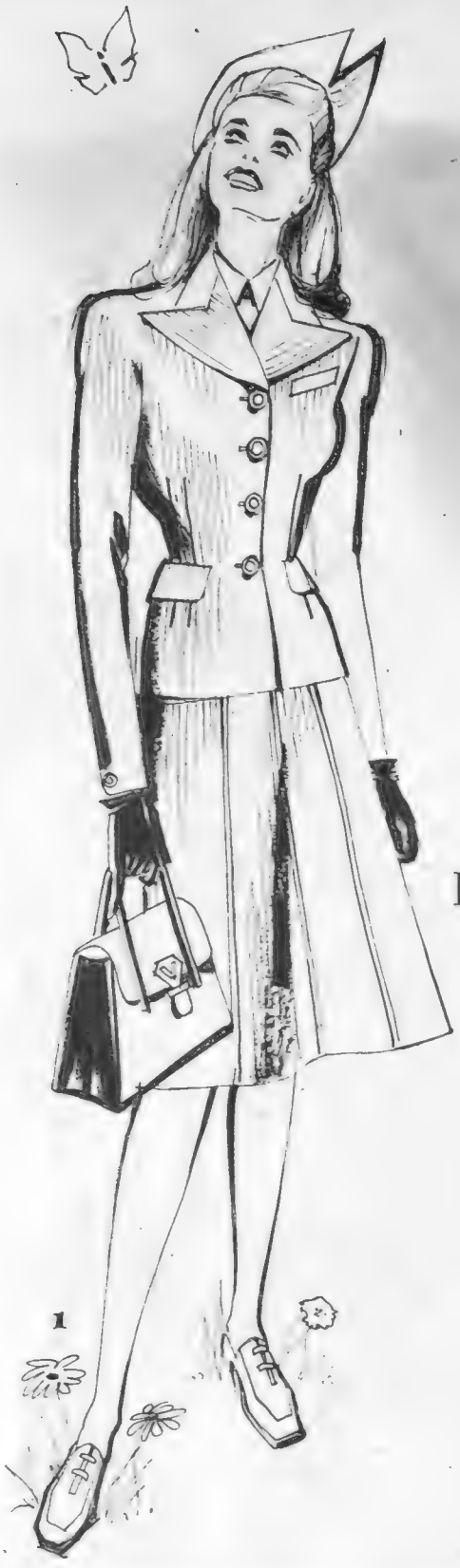
By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

THE clothes on these pages were selected from the London shops and drawn for "Britannia and Eve" before rationing came into force. The themes behind them however, themes that we have ever been vocal about, were: advance planning and interchangeability. To-day these themes are more important than ever. The time of haphazard impulse-buying is over. Adroit scheming, the working out of clever alliances between past, present and future outfits, elimination, are as vital to your good appearance as your coupons.

This is what we were going to say about the suit (No. 1): "Even at summer's height, a suit, the wardrobe's mainstay, is an economical buy. The one on the left, in fine dark green corduroy, is a fine specimen of a go-on-for-ever suit, both with regard to fabric and styling. It has the many lives of a cat. You can wear it in town, or to the office with soft sort of blouses, highish heels, correct bag and gloves. With a shirt or sweater, flat shoes, and a muted make-up, it is a country natural. Since contrast skirts and jackets are usefully modish there is no good reason why you should not wear the jacket over everything sketched except No. 8." In the light of clothes rationing, these remarks have the same significance. Your suit or long coat, taking many coupons, must be capable of many liaisons with the rest of your wardrobe.

Many women will not want to use their coupons for summer dresses, for slacks, or for any non-essential clothes, but for those well-stocked against next winter, a summer frock is still a good seven-coupons worth. It is there for next summer and maybe the next. No. 2, the inevitable little black frock is, as ever, the finest all-the-year-rounder.



1. Moss green corduroy suit, with a square-shouldered, high-revered fitting jacket. Also in navy, rust, toast, wine, £6 19 6

2. Heavy black crepe dress, the full bodice blousing slightly over the corselet waist, 69/6

3. Clover crepe dress, white polka dotted, a white band under collar and cuffs, a narrow white belt. Also in green, scarlet, navy, £2 2 0

4. Black reversed-calf shoes with scarlet trim on insteps and lacing, 45/-

5. Navy and white cotton print sandal, with wedge heel and crepe sole, 12/11

6. Grey worsted flannel pleated skirt, 49/6

7. Green pinafore dress in printed linen, cyclamen and white mermaids on a green ground, white shark-skin blouse, 32/6

8. Yellow jersey-cloth jacket, with high revers, two heavily stitched pockets, a fitting back, 27/11 The slacks are yellow with a fine scarlet overcheck, two zip fasteners, 43/9

9. Scarlet suede waistcoat (also in cherry red and emerald) with slit pockets, back belt, 52/6. Grey worsted trouser skirt, with inverted pleat at front and sides, 49/11

SUIT (Eighteen coupons). DRESS, SLACKS, SKIRT (Seven coupons). SHOES (Five coupons). JACKET (Eleven coupons). WAISTCOAT (Five coupons)

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1, for the names of the shops where these clothes can be obtained

YOUR FRONT

It is the Propaganda Ministry for the inside of your home. Entrance halls are just as eloquent and we have thought up some new ways of making them speak emphatically.

Whenever you pass a front door which some bold spirit has coloured a fire-station red or a gay electric blue you have probably felt an insistent curiosity to see what is inside.

You may not altogether like the effect, you might have thought it a trifle self-conscious, but you were interested. That house got your attention, and if you were visiting there you would expect to see something stimulating inside.

So much for first impressions. Front doors need not necessarily be daubed in eccentric colourings to make them attractive, but they need handling. The front door is a kind of propaganda ministry for the home. It prepares the way for what is to come.

The same goes for entrance halls and stairs. These are your reception committee and upon them rests the responsibility of making a good beginning with your guests.

Looking at your own front door you may come to the conclusion that it does not lend itself to a dramatic treatment. Few do. The point is that *detail* counts so much.

On the whole, plain surfaces seem to have a lot more success than those which are broken up into panels, either of wood or glass. A one-piece, sleekly-painted wood surface is invariably good. You cannot beat simplicity, especially when things are on a small scale. Add to this shining, coloured surface a really distinguished knocker and letter-box (it is worth spending some money on this) and you have an effect to dominate the house front.

In our sketch of a front door the idea is to show how to combine a good colour-scheme with distinguished detail to achieve effect.

The door is severely plain and painted a deep cream with a fine bronze knocker and letter-box to give more character. The sunblind (essential where there is so much woodwork exposed to the heat) is of plain bright green canvas with wide bands of black canvas at the head and foot. This is a perfectly simple thing to make and effective against the cream woodwork. The ornamental tub is green, to match the curtain, and the bench on one side of the porch is painted cream, with a cushion matching the sunblind.

English people are shy of using their front porches for sitting-out, but this little bench has a friendly appeal and serves a practical purpose as a resting-place for parcels while the search for your front-door key is on. Another photograph—No. 3—shows the further use of detail. In this case the front door is painted a dark blue with white relief. The shrubs on the doorstep are well proportioned in relation to their surroundings and this is important. An eye for such detail is vital.

Finally, you will see that the name of the house is painted on the wall near the bell-push in decorative lettering. A small thing to compel attention, but you can see for yourself that it does so.

Entrance halls set some ticklish problems of decoration because of their awkward shapes. Many of them are long and narrow and leave little space for effective display. In these cases colouring is all-important. Fortunately, most modern houses are well equipped with clothes cupboards and the once inevitable hall-stand can be dispensed with.

A light, plain surface is best in a long, narrow passage. Breaking up of the wall surface with patterns or panels is not advisable. Doors can be coloured in contrast and the base—that is the carpet or linoleum—can be as brightly coloured as you wish.

Where there is no space for furniture it is far better to dispense altogether with it and to rely upon interesting wall lighting, an original grouping of pictures at the eye level, or a decorative wall fixture of some kind to create a focal point.

In our sketch of a staircase we have shown a group of decorative objects around the corner bend of the stairway.

DOOR SPEAKS...

(1) This is a plain front door, but detail makes it attractive. The colour is deep cream and the knocker is of dull bronze. The canvas sunblind is bright green with black stripes at head and foot. (2) Beautiful architecture may be lacking from your front door, but flowers and foliage make up for any deficiencies. So is the cushion on the seat. (3) Window-boxes glamorise this house front. The blue front door and the address written at one side of the porch in attractive lettering are notable. (4) Designed for a very small hall. A flower stand of painted or polished wood holds ferns and blossoms, growing in pots. (5) This spacious hall takes a flowery paper graciously. The background is cream and the flowers have touches of red. There is a red stair-carpet. (6) Three pictures and a corner bracket make the turn of the stairs a place of interest and a centre of light.

In the smaller hall plain carpeting is useful in giving a greater appearance of spaciousness. This applies particularly to stair-carpet when the staircase is narrow. If the woodwork and stair-treads are coloured to match the carpet, there is a still greater appearance of space.

On an oak or pine staircase where the wood is left in its natural state or just waxed, an effective treatment is to use separate treads of either carpet or hooked rug-work. A tiny mat is made for each stair in this case. There is not much more work in making small mats for each stair than in hooking one fairly large rug. The mats can be plain; plain with a coloured border, or each can have a simple centre motif.

Where space allows, this is an excellent way of relieving the monotony of wall treatments flanking the staircase. It also gives light at a point where it is sometimes badly needed.

In a small, square hall the flower-stand we have sketched—No. 4—is a simple, painted or polished wood box on four graceful legs (any carpenter or good amateur could make it) containing delicate ferns and flowering plants. If of a size to balance well with the size of the hall it makes a delightful and colourful group in combination with a good mirror or a suitable picture.

Flowered paper should be reserved for the more spacious hall, and even then it should be limited to delicate designs. In one of the photographs a hall is shown which has been papered all over with a cream and pink sprigged wall-paper. It achieves distinction in this rather spacious hall against stair-treads and banisters of cream paint. The stair-carpet is red, repeating a dominant colour in the paper, and the same colouring appears in the long rug which runs down the centre of the hall. Halls and stairways in all but large houses should be simple in their decoration, but an adventurous spirit in regard to colouring and detail will give all the excitement required.

Clean the silk lining of your handbag occasionally with benzine spirit, and polish the leather with a white shoe cream if it is a shiny skin. Treat suede shoes to gentle massage in a rotary motion with a rubber brush, letting the steam from a kettle play upon the skin as you work.

Renovation

We shall have learned plenty before this war is through, and among things with a lasting value will be how to wear old clothes as though they were new ones.

Renovating, up-keeping and making-do are now accomplishments of first importance.

Last year's dresses must have a place in the renovating campaign. Look them over and make your plans fully before you get started. The success of this kind of enterprise is largely due to thoroughness.

Pinafore styles are gay and modish just now. Most linen or light woollen dresses with plain bodices can be adapted to this fashion. The skirt remains as before, but the bodice should be removed from the skirt and unpicked at all seams. After careful pressing, lay the relevant parts of the paper pattern (there are plenty of these pinafore styles) on to the pieces of material, and cut your new top.

Adroit mixing of fabrics gives point and piquancy to an outfit. A tired, woollen dress-and-jacket ensemble can be amazingly revived by an attractive contrast bodice. Cut the old dress bodice off, and make a new one out of an old silk dress.

These renovations are not difficult, but they require patience and concentration upon detail. Have all necessary materials, cottons, trimmings and sewing implements ready. Give a lot of attention to pressing. Use the iron to press turnings and seams as you go along. Keep fitting the garment so that errors of fit can be checked and improved before you go too far. If you can get somebody to help you with the fitting, so much the better.

The best clothes wear out eventually, but good things are amenable to treatment even at an advanced stage, and realising this Braemar have instituted a service which they call their "Stitch in Time." This means that you can now return your Braemar woollies to the makers to be repaired, re-shaped and generally given a new lease of life. It is a plan which makes the purchase of good woollies doubly worth while.

Ask retailers of Braemar garments for fuller details of the plan or write for a new booklet on the subject direct to Braemar, Stitch In Time Service, Innes Henderson and Co., Ltd., Hawick, Scotland.

Curtains can have their share of making over, too. Short curtains can be enlarged to fit different windows by giving them a deep hem and a head of contrasting colour. Give cretonne curtains an inlet band of plain material. (Use up any old chair or cushion covers for this.)

If you have a pair of curtains which are too narrow for the windows you would like to hang them at, put a coloured border all around the edges, and let in a stripe or two at the foot to match up. This kind of treatment calls for a lining to hide inside seams. You can cut up an old sheet for this purpose. If you dye it a deep cream, or some suitable colour, before you fit it, quite a strong and attractive curtain lining can be made.

Shoes and handbags always need careful attention, now more than ever.

At one time, most women would have blenched at the suggestion of wearing rubber soles, but now that wafer-thin rubbers can be stuck to the soles of the lightest shoes without the smallest detriment to their appearance, it is a practical measure to adopt, and one which lengthens the life and preserves shape and appearance.

Repairs, however skilfully done, impair the slickness of shoes. Stick-on soles postpone repairs until the uppers are worn out. They keep shoes good-looking until the last. (Use Phillips's rubber soles.)

Cleaning your shoes has a purpose beyond that of appearance. Leather needs feeding, so make a thorough job of cleaning. Remove every scrap of dried mud before you apply polish. Only thus can you keep leather from developing a cracked and miserable look. Use a good white shoe cream for coloured kids, and keep shoes on trees always when they are not in use.

Steaming is good for suede when it has developed shiny patches. Hold the shoe in the steam of a kettle and rub it with a rotary movement with a rubber brush. The suede rubs up fresh and new. Very obstinate shine can be rubbed away with fine emery-paper, but don't do this too often, or you will have no shoe left.

If your suede heels have become badly blemished, take them to the repairers and have new ones fixed. This can be done at quite a low cost, and makes the shoes new again.

Handbags are vital accessories. They pay for keeping up. Turn out the contents of your handbag regularly. Brush the silk lining, clean off spots with benzine or carbon-tetrachloride. Keep cosmetics in a separate, well-fastened container. Nothing wrecks the inside of a bag or renders it shabby so quickly as spilled powder and leaking creams and lipsticks.

Shun bulging bags. This way (Continued on page 62)

Home Guard

These times produce their own crop of habits that wire-comb the smoothest of tempers. They may only be the bigger shadows of normal annoying habits, like twiddling with the radio when others want to listen to a programme, fiddling with your face, and so on. Or they may be brand-new war-nurtured ones. Whatever they are, search them out and be on guard against them if you value the peace and happiness of your home. Every one's nerves have quite enough to do in the general seaminess of life to-day. Make certain that you, for one, in no way try the nerves of those about you.

Variety is the spice of life—and heaven knows we need spice with the meal now—so remember this when your moods are always the same. Of course, switchback moodists can be wearying, but never as wearying as the eternal pessimist with his or her "Bad night for raiders . . ." "*That* means more ships sunk, I suppose . . ." It isn't the pessimism, it is the certainty that they will find the darkest side to every cloud. The cheerful dolt is just one degree less trying. Morale droops at the thought that someone is going to look on the glamour side every time, come what may. "Three thousand prisoners taken—well they can't keep on losing their men at this rate. What? Our men—oh well, that gives starving Germany another three thousand mouths to feed . . ." Cheerfulness has to have a foundation of reason behind it, otherwise it is as chilling and tiring as insincere sweetness.

News is important these days and yet you have those infuriating persons who insist on talking loudly through it all. Or the wise ones who get a sudden inspirational slant on an item of news, burst out with it and completely block the announcer's next item. There are six news sessions a day and some zealots insist on gathering to listen to them all, even when the news is just a repetition of what has been said before. Good news or bad this is wearying. No matter how pleasant your voice, remember that when the others are enjoying some famous dance band's rhythm they don't want any home-made crooning. The radio-repeaters are minor menaces on their own. "This is Bruce Belfrage" provokes their murmur of "Bruce Belfrage"; in fact, any name brings an echo. Check up on your radio manners to-day.

The world has become a place of awesome noises, zooms and boomphs, but there are still many normal sounds, mosquitoes buzzing, cisterns filling, dogs' tails thumping, that make nervous ears wag. Maybe you are a "listener," but keep your fears to yourself. Don't let your ears wag visibly, it transmits your fears. Don't wake your husband or shelter buddies because you want a little co-operation in translating the noise—unless you feel that it really is imminent danger. Just notice from now on if you ever announce the arrival of the siren, German plane, guns or boomps, before every one else—and wrongly. If you do, decide to keep things to yourself. People who cock an eye, say knowingly: "That's Jerry" every time a plane is heard (it may be one of our own anyway) are as buzzingly irritating as the Jerry noise itself.

In every family circle there is a know-all, usually male. He is always willing to give you the lowdown on the news. He has a gift beyond his fellows of being able to read between the lines so that he knows more than those who even wrote the lines. He never hesitates to pronounce verdict on the world's most able men. He knows the details of every air attack: "Seventy-five came over with only about two dozen of our chaps on their tail." He is the menace of our wartime existence. He's always had the worst experiences. Every night sound is known to his ears intimately, he can tell you what gun it is and where. There are various degrees of know-alls, maybe you are just beginning along these lines—listen to yourself and if you show any symptoms, curb your tongue, hide your knowledge and hope that no one has yet noticed your failing. Once they do, their nerves will suffer, and so will any popularity you might hope for.

The dinner table is the place to eat, but too many people make it the place to discuss eating and eatables, and these days there are better subjects for the digestion. "I don't think I'd mind eating horse-flesh you know . . ." mayn't upset the talker—it may put others off their meal. Especially if the conversation then switches to the menu qualities of Peter the cat, or Pluto the dog. "Do you remember?" recalling juicy meals of the past, is not much better. Nor is: "My dear —this ration talk is nonsense, I couldn't eat more. I am better fed now than ever." Food braggers are disgraceful offenders with their long lists of delicacies that they have managed to stock away, the most delectable french beans tinned, a 5 lb. jar of honey; or the recital of a dinner they had when they dined out the other night, "expensive —but worth it. You wouldn't know there was a war on, at that place," and so on.

SILK SWEATER

and matching ankle socks. No coupons

MATERIALS
6 skeins of knitting spun silk; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 13 needles; 1 set of 4 double-pointed needles, size 14; 3 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS
Length from shoulder, 19 ins.; across underarm, 17 ins.; sleeve from shoulder, 10 ins.
The Socks.—9-in. foot.

TENSION
For No. 10 needles, 7 sts. to 1 in.

THE SHIRT (The Back)
With No. 13 needles, cast on 110 sts. Rib 3 ins. k. 1, p. 1, inc. in every 11th st. of last row only (120 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work 9 ins. in st.st. (1 row k., 1 row p.).

SHAPE THE ARMHOLES
Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work 7 ins. on the remaining 96 sts.

SHAPE THE SHOULDERS
Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE FRONT
Work as for the back until 1 in. after the armhole shaping. Then divide sts. for front opening. K. 44 sts., cast off 8. K. 44. Work on each set of 44 sts. for 4 ins.

SHAPE THE NECK
Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row, then dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge, until 32 sts. remain and 2 ins. have been worked.

SHAPE THE SHOULDER
Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Work other side the same.

THE SLEEVES
With No. 13 needles cast on 76 sts. Rib 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles, inc. in every 6th st. of next row only. Work 4 ins. st.st. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next, and every row following, until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE NECKBAND
With No. 13 needles cast on 4 sts. Rib 14 ins. in k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

THE UNDERWRAP
With No. 13 needles cast on 14 sts. Rib 4 ins. k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

THE COLLAR
With No. 13 needles cast on 130 sts. Rib 2½ ins. k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

THE FRONT STRIP
With No. 13 needles cast on 14 sts. Rib 2 ins. k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole. Rib 5, cast off 4, rib 5.
Next row.—Rib 5, cast on 4, rib 5. Rib 2 ins. more. Make another buttonhole.
Rib 1 in. more. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE ANKLE SOCKS

With 4 double-pointed No. 14 needles cast on 72 sts. (24 on each of 3 pins).
Rib in rounds of k. 1, p. 1 for 4 ins. Continue in plain knitting for half an inch. Then divide sts. for the heel strip. Knit the first 36 sts. on to one needle. Work backwards and forwards on these 36 sts. in st.st. as for the shirt. (This leaves the remaining 36 sts. for the front of foot.)

TURN THE HEEL
(Wrong Side Facing)
1st row.—P. 21, p. 2 tog., p. 1, turn.
2nd row.—K. 8, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, turn.
3rd row.—P. 9, p. 2 tog., p. 1, turn.
4th row.—K. 10, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, turn.
5th row.—P. 11, p. 2 tog., p. 1, turn.
6th row.—K. 12, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, turn.
7th row.—P. 13, p. 2 tog., p. 1, turn.
8th row.—K. 14, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, turn.
9th row.—P. 15, p. 2 tog., p. 1, turn.
10th row.—K. 16, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, turn.
11th row.—P. 17, p. 2 tog., p. 1, turn.
12th row.—K. 18, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, turn.
13th row.—P. 19, p. 2 tog., p. 1, turn.
14th row.—K. 20, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1 (22 sts.). (Continued on page 63)

SWIMMING

MATERIALS
8 oz. Ramada pure wool fingering in white; 1 pair of No. 12 needles; elastic for waist and legs.

MEASUREMENTS
Round bust, 34 ins.; hips, 36 ins.; waist to crutch, 14 ins.

TENSION
9 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

THE BRASSIERE (Left Side)
Cast on 68 sts. Work the following patt.:—
1st row.—K. 1, p. 1 rib. **2nd row.**—* K. 1, keep wool at back and sl. 1 purlwise; rep. from * to end of row. Continue these 2 rows until there are 5 ins. Now with side of work showing k. 1, p. 1 rib (not the sl.st.) towards you, cast off 36 sts. Continue patt. on remaining sts. for 4 ins. Cast off.
Cast on 16 sts. for centre piece. Work patt. for 1 in. Cast off. Work right side of brassière as left, but have slipped st. side of work towards you when casting off 36 sts. Sew up the cast-off 36 edge sts. to side of last 4 ins. to make each half into a shaped piece.

THE RIB STRIP
Cast on 10 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work st.st. for 29 ins. (or long enough to fit round ribs). Work two buttonholes

ABBREVIATIONS

k.=knit; p.=purl; st.=stitch or stitches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; inc.=increase; dec.=decrease; ins.=inches; pat.=pattern; m.=make; sl.=slip; w.r.n.=wool round needle (making one); wl.fwd.=wool forward; st.st.=stocking stitch; p.s.s.o.=pass slipped stitch over.

PINAFORE SKIRT

Eight coupons, but you can always unravel and make new garments

BRAS AND PANTS

They take four coupons, last for years and years

side by side as follows: Work 2, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2. Work 4 more rows. Cast off. Sew into a long tube and turn inside out. Thread elastic through and sew each end firmly. Sew buttonholes together. Sew buttons to other end. Gather brassière pieces on to small centre front piece (see photograph). Sew these pieces along rib strip.

SHOULDER STRAPS (Two Alike)

Cast on 8 sts. Work the patt. for 13 ins. Work a buttonhole by knitting tog. 2 centre sts., w.fd. Work 2 more rows. Cast off. Allow straps to roll into cords and sew on to front, crossing at back, and putting buttons 9 ins. apart.

THE PANTIES

With No. 12 needles start at waist by casting on 118 sts. Work st.st. for 8 rows. Change to the brassière pattern and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 2nd row and every 6th row after until there are 160 sts. Work straight for 20 rows.

Now work half the sts. only (80) and cast off 4 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Work other half the same. (Continued on page 63)

MATERIALS

16 oz. 3-ply wool; 1 pair each of No. 8 and No. 11 needles; 2 buttons; elastic for waist.

MEASUREMENTS

Round hips, 36 ins.; length of skirt, 25 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

SKIRT

(Back and Front Alike)

Cast on 273 sts. with No. 8 needles. Work 1 row all k. Now work following pattern:—

1st row (wrong side of work).—P. 4, * k. 5, w.fd., sl. 2 purlwise, p. 6; rep. from * to end of row, ending sl. 2, p. 2.

2nd row.—K. 4, * p. 5, k. 8; rep. from * to end, ending k. 4.

Rep. these 2 rows. When there are 10 ins. dec. on a row starting k. 4 as follows:—

K. 4, p. 5, * k. 2 tog., k. 6, p. 5; rep. from * to end, ending k. 4. 1st row will now have only p. 5 instead of p. 6, and 2nd row will have k. 7 instead of k. 8 and there are 253 sts.

Work 3 ins. Now dec. in same place as before, so that 1st row has p. 4 instead of p. 5 and 2nd row has k. 6 instead of k. 7, and there are 233 sts. Work 3 ins. then dec. again so that there are only p. 3 sts. in 1st row, k. 5 in 2nd row and 213 sts. Work 1½ ins.

K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of next row and every other row after until there are 133 sts. There is now only the hem to be worked, so continue rib if desired longer. Change to No. 11 needles and work st.st. for 1½ ins. Cast off.

Now work the bib by casting on 60 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib on first and last 14 sts. and moss st. on centre 32. M. 1 st. at each end inside rib border on every 6th row until there are 90 sts. Now cast off the moss st. and work rib for long enough for straps. Work a buttonhole by casting off 4 sts. at centre of strap. Cast them on again and work 2 more rows. Cast off. Pick up centre 32 sts. and work rib for 1¼ ins. Cast off.

They Can't Go Away

BUT THEY CAN HAVE A CHANGE IF YOU GIVE THEM A NEW ROUTINE. UNUSUAL OUTINGS AND A HOLIDAY BACKGROUND

By Louisa Kay

Few people are thinking of holidays in the real sense of the word this year, but parents have a tricky problem in devising some way of giving the children a change.

Plenty are already in the country or at the sea, and have been for months, but they still need a change, if not of scene, then of occupation.

Children still living in towns need even more consideration during their holidays. Probably a change of air is impossible, except for day trips in the country, but there is no reason why a holiday atmosphere cannot be created to give the days of leisure at home more excitement.

It is a good thing to begin the day with anticipation. It gets things on to a holiday footing, no matter if the anticipated event is small.

It is well worth sacrificing the normal household routine to make things pleasanter and more like holiday time for the children. If mother is on holiday, too, things begin to look really convincing.

A settled programme is a source of interest and anticipation. Map out the week so that the children have something to look forward to each day. Arrange things so that they awake each morning with expectancy.

Little changes in the home routine are helpful. Different things to eat add excitement, no matter how simple, so long as they are original. Tea at someone else's house is an event, because it is different. Make it different at home when you can. It may not be easy in these days of food shortage, but it is worth extra trouble to give them fun.

Day trips are a fairly obvious standby when you can't go away. They can be great fun, and they can be a great flop. The important thing is to organise them well and not to undertake anything beyond the strength of the children involved.

Look up trains and buses before you start. Haphazard expeditions lead to fatigue and disappointment more rapidly than anything. Parties of children of mixed ages are hazardous affairs when you go tripping out for a day. The energies and the interests of the older children soon outrun those of the younger ones, and the result is bad tempers and heavy work for the grown-ups.

If it is possible to leave the smaller children behind (with a treat of their own in store) a more strenuous type of outing is likely to be more successful for all concerned. Even so, a well-timed programme and an itinerary that does not overtax the children is advisable.

Organised sports are good fun for older children on holiday. If you can get several families working together to arrange cricket matches for the boys, tennis parties for both boys and girls, and swimming contests at open air pools, the holiday will pass happily and with benefit to their health.

The everyday sports take on a new glamour when they are well organised, and when there is some special objective. Individual prizes and team prizes create a lot of interest.

These sporting events can be pepped up with picnic teas. Mothers co-operating on the job can provide refreshments, without embarrassing the exchequer or complicating the food problem. Remember here that minerals go down better than tea with most children.

Animals provide a new source of interest for children living in the country. Older boys and girls will delight in new enterprises such as rabbit, bees or poultry keeping if they are encouraged to do the work of feeding, cleaning and maintenance themselves. Given full responsibility of ownership they will gather useful information and keep themselves happily employed in running a miniature farm.

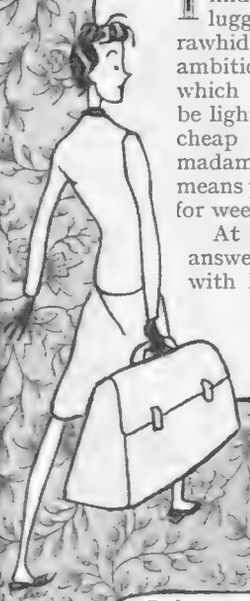
Children of all ages need their leisure organised. The more time you can spare to go along with them, and to keep an eye on their arrangements the better, but do, at all costs, take trouble to provide a holiday background.

Give them holiday clothes. Buy them new sun-suits, new swimming suits and as much of the paraphernalia of the usual holiday time as is reasonable in the circumstances.

Don't bewail the loss of a real holiday—at least not in their hearing. If you take the view that a holiday at home can be good fun, they will. Help it in every way you can devise to be a time of happy occupation, and the stimulus of your own enthusiasm will ensure theirs.

Purchase Tactics.

by mary young



I find myself peering longingly into the windows of luggage shops, these days. Not at those miracles of rawhide elegance which once were the height of my ambition, but in search of the perfect luggage which will hold all my blitz emergency collection, be light enough for me to carry myself, and still be cheap enough not to be called "an investment, madam"—that knell of a remark which always means you are going to have to do without cigarettes for weeks.

At last I think I can claim to have found the answer. A canvas hold-all, two feet across, bound with leather and with strong leather straps and handle. It will hold bedding, woollies, shoes—anything, in fact, that isn't crushable. It weighs scarcely anything, folds flat when not in use, and costs 21s. 9d.

Here are four aids in tackling the stocking problem. First, for your last remaining pairs of silk, and for your new rayon stockings, a rinse which strengthens the threads and makes them ladder-resisting, dulls any shine, and improves the fit and cling. 1s. 6d. a bottle.

Secondly, a ladder-stop to carry in your bag and use at the first hint of a ladder. It washes out without an unsightly trace, and comes in the handy form of a case of book matches.

Thirdly, coloured ribbed lisle stockings, to wear in the country and with cotton frocks. They look gay, wear well, and are a gift at 4s. a pair. Colours are yellow, royal blue, two shades of green.

Fourthly, a tip if you make those maddening potatoes in the toes of your stockings. Tuck a small piece of cotton wool in the toe before putting them on, just enough to pad the nail of your great toe.

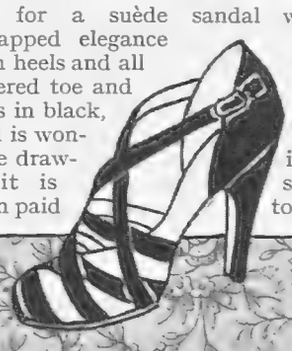
Of course, an even simpler way of getting round the stocking problem is not to wear any, but alas, more than one delicately-nurtured Englishwoman has to admit, in strictest privacy, to being the original Esau when it comes to hairs on the legs.

Wax in your hands is the answer to this perplexing problem. Depilatory wax which you gently heat, paint on to your legs in small strips, and whip off with determination just as it cools and hardens. It leaves your legs as smooth as smooth, the hairs are pulled out by the roots so they don't grow again for something like six weeks, and it tends to weaken the growth. It hurts a very little bit, but no more than pulling off a sticking plaster, and, oh, the pleasure of being able to go stockingless without a blush. Ten shillings buys a half-pound block of the stuff, which you can use over and over again if you are thrifty. It can be used on the face, too.

I wonder if you share a private phobia of mine about shoes? I find it maddening that the only lightweight afternoon shoes suitable for dining and dancing should necessarily have open toes.

I had little against open toes in the days when I could get sandal stockings to peep alluringly through them, but I cannot feel that a glimpse of a painstaking darn, or of rayon reinforcement, adds anything to the charm of a foot.

So hooray for a suède sandal with all the criss-cross strapped elegance of the old days, nice high heels and all but with a discreetly covered toe and back to the heel. It comes in black, blue, brown, burgundy, and is wonderful value at 25s. 9d. The drawing shows how attractively it is styled. Due regard has been paid to comfort also.



I have a girl-friend who is kind, amusing and decorative, and last time she came to stay with me she brought me a pound of onions. But alas, last time she stayed with me she also spent hours writing letters in bed, and when I saw the amount of ink on the sheets, her kindness, her wit and the pound of onions scarcely weighed at all in the balance of my rage. Fortunately for the continued existence of our friendship, I discovered Mitzi. This is a liquid (or rather two, to be exact) which takes ink stains out of things. Magically, in a flash, the ink just disappears before your eyes.

Mitzi works on white cottons and linens, on papers and on hands. It will also take out wine, tea and coffee stains.

Jam-making is a frenzied, burning, tortured question at the moment. All that delicious fruit at last in sight, and no extra sugar allowed for making it into preserves.

Recipes using far less sugar than usual can be followed if the result is sterilised, to ensure that it keeps well. This is a perfectly simple process to manage at home, made even simpler if you seal the jam jars with a new kind of synthetic skin which gives an absolutely hermetic seal.

Using this skin, fruit can be bottled, too, in any old sound jars you have in the house, and another advantage is that as the skin is sold in one piece, it can be cut to fit any size or shape of jam jar or preserving jar.

Price 6d. and 1s., complete with instructions and recipes.

If any of the subjects answer your current problems write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. I shall be happy to send further information

SUNDAY

Lunch *Home-made brawn*
Cole slaw
—
Cherry compôte

Dinner
Radishes
Rolled ribs of beef (pot-roasted)
New Potatoes
Green peas à la française (cooked with lettuce)
—
Raspberry fool
Sponge fingers

MONDAY

Lunch *Pea-pod soup*
—
Pickled herrings
Cucumber
Potato salad

Dinner *Spaghetti and beef scallops*
New potatoes
Dandelion vinaigrette
—
Fig and lemon jelly
Biscuits

TUESDAY

Lunch *Rice omelette*
Lettuce salad
Wholemeal bread
—
Fresh loganberry flan

Dinner *Cucumber casserole*
Purée of potatoes with chopped spring onion
—
Mixed fruit salad
Oatcakes

These Meals Are Good Value For Money

SHE and I were doing a little job of work at our local W.V.S. centre, so she asked me to dine with her one evening. Her house was lovely; her dinner was shocking.

" Of course, it's wartime," she explained proudly over the half-baked potatoes, stuffed with nondescript scraps of something or other. Just as if they were a credit to her.

What nonsense that is, but it is a common enough attitude—that it is unpatriotic to sit down to a nice meal, nicely cooked.

Man (and woman) cannot live by vitamins alone. Man (and woman) want something which shows a bit of taste, in the double meaning of the word. And they can get it, without the slightest breach of the Woolton rules.

This also is good sense. If you can afford it, choose a dish now and then which is out of the strict economy class, a bit of salmon, a crab, a few mushrooms. I am not advocating sinful extravagance. These things are good value for money; and they are not among the less expensive foods in limited supply which many of us would unblushingly buy up, if we could, unmindful of the fact that someone less well-off must therefore go without.

Home-made Brawn. 1 cowheel; bouquet of herbs; 1 cupful cold cooked sausage (sliced); chicken, or any other left-over meat, mixed with left-over vegetables (sliced carrot, peas, beans, etc.); cold salted water; salt and pepper.

Take a large saucepan and fill with cold water, salted. Add bouquet and cowheel. Bring to boil, and simmer gently until meat comes away from bone. Remove bones. Now add the cupful of mixed meat and vegetables and season well. Take out herbs. Boil up again.

Wet a large pudding basin with hot water. Pour in mixture and leave till cold. Chill. Turn out, and garnish with parsley.

The addition of one or two sliced, hard-boiled eggs into other ingredients is an improvement.

Pea-pod Soup. 1 quart clean, fresh pea-pods; 3½ pints boiling water or stock; ½ pint milk; sprig mint; 1 lettuce (optional); 1 oz. flour or cornflour; a little parsley; 2 spring onions; 1 lump sugar; 1 oz. fat; salt and pepper.

Chop onions (green part included). Melt fat in stewpan and sauté pods, lettuce and onion quickly, without browning. Pour in boiling water or stock and cook all till tender (about thirty minutes). Rub through fine sieve and boil up again. Mix flour to a paste with a little milk and stir in. Add pepper, salt, sugar, chopped mint and rest of milk.

As extra finish, garnish with cooked peas, and add a little milk just before serving.

Instead of a whole lettuce, use left-over outside leaves from salad.

Pickled Herrings. 5 good-sized herrings; 4 spring onions; 2 bay leaves; 3 tablespoonfuls flour; 12 peppercorns; ¾ pint vinegar; ½ pint water; little fat; pepper and salt.

Remove heads and tails from herrings, clean and split in two lengthwise. Take out backbone and any other bones you can. Season flour and dip each half herring in it. Roll up (skin outwards) and place in a greased, lidded casserole dish. Flour the roes and put them in too.

Chop onions into ¼-in. pieces and add, together with bay leaves, peppercorns and mixed vinegar and water. This should cover the fish; add more liquid if insufficient. A little grated nutmeg can be included if liked. Put on a lid and bake *slowly* in a cool oven (two or three hours). It should not boil.

Mackerel can be treated similarly.

Spaghetti and Beef Scallops. 4 oz. spaghetti; 1 oz. margarine; 1 tablespoonful finely chopped spring onion; 1 heaped dessertspoonful flour; ½ pint milk; ¼ lb. to ½ lb. minced cooked beef (or other meat); 1 teaspoonful

WEDNESDAY

Lunch *Stuffed cabbage leaves*
New potatoes
—
Cottage cheese with chopped chives

———

Dinner *Baked salmon with horseradish sauce*
Cucumber
Green peas
New potatoes
—
Fresh fruit

THURSDAY

Lunch *Potato and green pea soup*
—
Salmon loaf (cold)
Salad of lettuce, beans and cucumber

———

Dinner *Rissoles*
Boiled baby marrows
—
Cherry ripe

FRIDAY

Lunch *Spinach pancake*
Green peas
—
Strawberry jelly (made with fresh fruit)

———

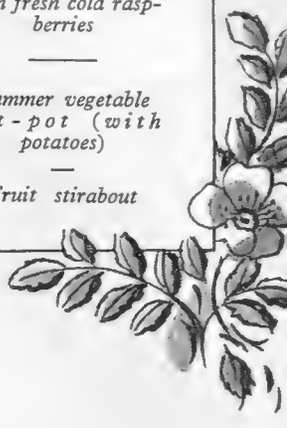
Dinner *Grilled pigeon*
Potato crisps
Watercress salad
—
Broad bean purée on boiled bean tops (as separate course)

SATURDAY

Lunch *Crab salad*
Wholemeal bread
Mayonnaise
—
Hot rice pudding with fresh cold raspberries

———

Dinner *Summer vegetable hot-pot (with potatoes)*
—
Fruit stirabout



chopped parsley; salt and pepper according to taste.

Break up spaghetti and cook in boiling water. Add salt. Drain. Melt margarine in saucepan, and in it cook the onion, without browning. Add flour and stir till smooth. Put in milk, bring to the boil, cook a few minutes and add spaghetti. Season to taste.

Grease four scallop shells and put a layer of spaghetti in each. Mix parsley and beef, add salt and pepper and divide between the four shells. Cover with a layer of spaghetti. Heat through in the oven or under the grill.

Fig and Lemon Jelly. 8 figs; 1 pint packet lemon jelly; boiling water.

Cover figs with boiling water. Cook gently for about half an hour. Drain, take off stalks and chop figs. Make jelly according to instructions. Mix figs with half the jelly, pour into a watered mould, and set.

Before the rest of the jelly is quite set, whip it till it is frothy. Add it to the rest of the jelly in the mould, and set in the refrigerator.

Rice Omelette. 1 cupful rice; boiling water; 3 eggs; salt and pepper; chopped sauté mushrooms or kidney (hot) or a handful of fresh sorrel leaves; oil or fat for frying.

Sprinkle rice into boiling water and cook about twenty minutes till soft. Add salt, strain, keep hot. Separate egg yolks from whites. Beat yolks and add four tablespoonfuls hot rice. Beat egg whites and whip lightly into mixture. Add for each egg 1 tablespoonful boiling water.

Have oil or fat smoking hot in pan and pour in the mixture. When nearly done, add mushrooms, kidney or sorrel leaves torn roughly with fingers, and ribs removed); fold over and serve.

Cucumber Casserole. 2 cucumbers; ½ lb. sausage meat; ¾ pint stock; 2 small turnips; 4 small carrots; 6 spring onions; seasoning.

Peel cucumbers and cut into 2-in. thick chunks. Peel and cut up turnips and carrots, and chop onions (green included).

Put in a casserole, then add stock and season. Stuff cucumber chunks with sausage meat mixed with the centres, which you remove, and add to casserole. Put on lid and simmer one hour.

Pile vegetables in the centre of serving dish and arrange vegetables round. Thicken stock with flour, reduce a little and pour over.

Stuffed Cabbage Leaves. 4 cabbage leaves; 2 teacupfuls cooked rice; 4 chopped spring onions; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley or chervil; 1 tablespoonful salad oil; lemon essence; 2 cooked bacon rashers (chopped in small pieces).

Dip cabbage leaves in hot water to make them pliable. Heap in each rice mixed with bacon, onion, parsley and a little lemon essence. Roll up and lay in a shallow saucepan with just enough water to prevent sticking. Add a spoonful of salad oil. Simmer gently about half an hour.

Cottage Cheese. Put a jug of sour milk in a warm place until thick; then add salt (½ small teaspoon to 1 pint). Stir well and put in a muslin bag. Hang up to drain overnight, with bowl beneath. Next day, press between two plates for an hour or two; then make up the cheese into a pat.

Potato and Green Pea Soup. 1 lb. potatoes; 6 spring onions (sliced); 1 lb. peas (shelled); 3 pints boiling water; spring of mint; salt and pepper.

Peel and slice potatoes, and put them together with onions, peas, mint and seasoning, into the water in a pan. Cover and simmer for twenty-five to thirty minutes. Rub through a sieve and then re-heat.

Cherry Ripe. 1 lb. black cherries; a little water; 1 tablespoon sugar; 4 slices bread (no crust); little margarine.

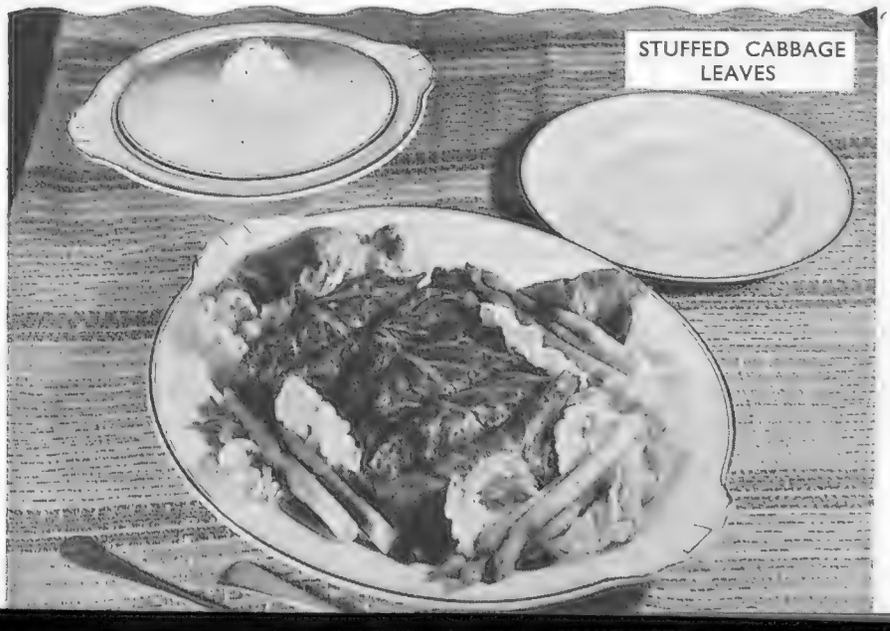
Stalk and stone cherries. Put in a lidded casserole, sprinkle with sugar and add water. Put lid on and cook in moderate oven till cherries are soft (twenty to twenty-five minutes). Fry bread to light gold colour. Put slices on a hot dish, spread thinly with margarine, place cherries on each and pour liquid over so that it soaks in.

This is also good made with raspberries, loganberries or currants.

Fruit Stirabout. 1½ pints fresh red or black currants, raspberries or rhubarb (mixed if you like); 4 oz. flour; 2 oz. margarine; 1 pinch salt; milk.

Mix flour with margarine and salt. Add sugar and fruit. (If rhubarb is chosen, cut it into small cubes.) Add enough milk to make a thick batter consistency. Bake in a hot oven (about half an hour). Serve with top milk or synthetic cream and a little sugar.

Harriet Muir



Syria (*Continued from page 17*)

The Lebanon enjoyed a certain measure of self-government. Then there is the Sanjak of Alexandretta, with Antioch as the capital, whose population is Turkish. By agreement with France this province of Syria was handed over to Turkey just before the present conflict and has been re-named Hatay, a word which means Hittite. Lastly, there is Jebel Druse, the home of the sturdy, war-like Druses who have ever been at loggerheads with their French masters.

THE French selected Beirut, the capital of The Lebanon, as their administrative headquarters. It is an ancient Phœnician port and was being rapidly converted into a modern, go-ahead shipping and commercial centre. While in its streets to-day you encounter vendors, porters, beggars, antiquated motor cars, camelteers, shepherds and soldiers from all parts of the globe in as wide a range of military tailoring, commercially the place is lifeless. The High Commissioner's residence looks out on the once busy harbour. It is lifeless now. Only two small French warships are there, and a few cargo vessels tied up to the quays. There is no loading or unloading. They have been there for months and will probably remain for many more.

To the north of Beirut is Tripoli which was destined to have become a very important port. It is the terminus of the oil pipe-line from Kirkuk in Iraq and just before the present upheaval there had been completed a modern refinery and facilities for shipping the oil. It was here that the French Navy obtained much of their oil-fuel. To the south of Beirut are the two ancient Phœnician ports of Tyre and Sidon, names which figure in Biblical history. They both did a considerable amount of coastal trading, but to-day there are virtually no exports or imports, and wharves and quays are idle.

Along the coast are the remains of the great castle built by the Crusaders. As a result of the work of French archæologists in clearing these monuments of debris, repairing them, and rendering them accessible they have become interesting show places. There is Kalat-es-Husn, Sahyu and Margab and the very interesting remains of a cathedral at Tartous, one of the finest examples of Crusader church architecture in all the East. Kalat-es-Husn is the greatest and best preserved of these fortresses. Its garrison consisted of 2,000 men-at-arms and within its walls were a palace, church, barracks and armoury. Margab is where Richard imprisoned the ruler of Cyprus because he had not welcomed England's shipwrecked queen with becoming hospitality.

Syria proper has many fine cities. First comes the capital, Damascus, which claims to be the oldest city in the world with a continuous history. There was much disappointment among the people in Syria when the French selected Beirut and not Damascus as their headquarters. The latter is one of the most picturesque cities in the Middle East, famed for its bazaars and mosques, its streams and fountains, and unique setting in a forest of orchards and gardens. There is the "street called 'Straight'" mentioned in the New Testament in connexion with the conversion of St. Paul, and the Great Mosque, once a Christian cathedral and believed to stand on the site of the House of Rimmon where Naaman the leper worshipped. Straight Street runs right across the city from east to west. It was seriously damaged in 1925 when the city was bombarded by the French as a result of an Arab uprising.

Before the present upheaval Damascus was gay. There is now no dancing in the cafes and the bands on their low cane-bottomed chairs are absent. So are the artistes and the orchestras in the European cabarets. Only classical music is allowed in the cafes. Trade is almost at a standstill and the bazaars are half empty. Some public works have had to be suspended, even those which were speeded up during the war to increase the production of foodstuffs, such as irrigation and water installations. Drastic economies in administration were found necessary and numbers of French officials have been replaced by Syrians whose salaries are lower. Damascus merchants have gone to Turkey and to Iraq and Iran at the suggestion of their Chamber of Commerce in the hope of restoring overland trade with these countries.

There are no visitors now looking for guides and cars to carry them to the famed ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra and the historic cedars of Lebanon and the other sights of Syria. Right up to the time of the outbreak of hostilities French archæologists were toiling at Baalbec. They have cleared away the debris which littered the ruins and restored sections of the great temples. As a result one obtains a much more comprehensive view of their magnificence and importance. The ruins lie in the centre of an extensive plain and are renowned for their massiveness and for the great amount of both bold and delicate carving with which they are adorned. What surprises the visitor most, perhaps, is the fact, that the massive columns, marble doors of prodigious dimensions, fragments of arches, cornices and capitals which he beholds represent the remains of only two temples—the Great Temple, or Temple of Jupiter, and the Temple of Bacchus, sometimes called the Temple of the Sun.

Nothing remains of the Great Temple, save six standing columns capped with Corinthian capitals and joined by an ornate and massive entablature. They are, perhaps, the crowning feature of Baalbec, and piercing the skyline, as they do, are seen long before the ruins are reached. The Temple of Bacchus, where Baal was worshipped, is in a far more interesting state of preservation, its walls still standing, as well as many of its columns. The walls are built of carefully dressed stone, the joints so perfect that a knife-blade cannot enter between them. A feature of this temple is a leaning column. It fell against the wall of the temple a hundred years ago, and, though it partly broke through the wall, yet the two stones comprising it were so firmly put together by the ancient builders that the shaft remains unbroken. In these temples at Baalbec we find the largest building blocks ever known to have been used by man, and the marvel is how they were quarried, transported, and raised to their present position. There are scores of stones laid neatly in courses many feet above the ground, turning the scale at from forty, sixty and eighty tons apiece. In the base of the buildings there are blocks weighing as much as eight hundred tons!

Equally impressive are the ruins of Palmyra. They lie right out in the desert some 150 miles from Damascus. Until fairly recently they were off the beaten track, and it meant three or four days journey on horseback to reach them. Arriving there it was necessary to live in tents, as no accommodation was available. Now the ruins are within a comfortable day's motor ride from Damascus and a modern hostel has been built close to the ruins for the convenience of travellers. Palmyra and Baalbec are the two most wonderful ruined cities in Syria.

IN a like manner a modern motor road has been built to Bsherreh where stands a little grove of cedar trees enclosed by a stone wall. They are justly renowned for their age and the size of their trunks, the girth of the largest being forty-seven feet.

Going north by train are the towns of Homs, Hama and Aleppo. The first two cities lie on the banks of the River Ornotes and are famed for their giant water-wheels used for irrigating the surrounding orchards and gardens. The wheels are driven by the flow of the river on what is known as the undershot principle. The largest has a diameter of about seventy-five feet, and is declared to be the largest water-raising wheel in existence.

These cities in Northern Syria are purely Arab towns and this is particularly so of Aleppo. To-day they are very quiet and all of them are complaining of bad trade. The castle at Aleppo, which stands on a hill in the centre of the town, is one of the finest edifices of its kind in the world, and has withstood many notable sieges.

Over the recently completed motor road one can now reach Antioch from Aleppo in just over two hours. Before the French built this road it meant a journey of eighteen to twenty hours on horseback. Antioch is the capital of the new Republic of Hatay. If anything, things are much better here than in many parts of Syria. This is because Turkey is busy developing the territory.

END

British History in Stone (*Continued from page 3*)

Bill, which proposed local legislatures for the colony which the British had wrested from the French; the far-seeing Burke wanted no cause for a second revolt by American colonists. He was to talk on his Bill that afternoon.

But things turned out differently, as often before; the subject of the French Revolution *would* keep intruding itself, like King Charles's head.

Burke again deplored what he felt to be the approaching violence, the inevitable terror; Fox praised it. He taunted the friend with whom he had just walked to the House, with a phrase that Burke had used when the American colonies had revolted: "I do not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole country." Burke said it then, how could he think otherwise now in his indictment of the whole French people? Burke rose and with stinging words assaulted Fox.

"But there is no loss of friendship," urged Fox.

"Yes!" said Burke. "There *is* loss of friendship. I know the penalty. I have done my duty at the price of my friend—and our friendship is at an end."

Fox, in tears, appealed for reason. Burke turned a deaf ear. And in the end Burke was right about the French Revolution: within two years an orgy of murder, bestiality, rape and terror swept over the movement which the French had started on so lofty an intellectual plane.

Burke might be likened to a Winston Churchill without taking office of Prime Minister, a Maynard Keynes or many of our day who espouse unpopular causes. He was, in private life, a kindly man kept constantly in debt through his generosity and personal desire to live the life of an English gentleman.

When he retired, a peerage was inevitable. He chose the title of Lord Beaconsfield, having a house in the village of that name; then his son died, and the light went from Burke's life. What was the use of a title now?

He died in 1797 as plain Mr. Burke.

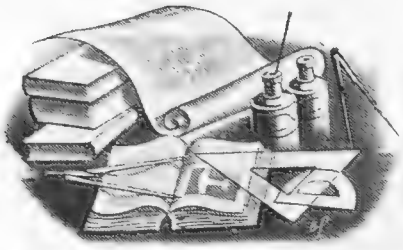
Fox rose, and with impassioned voice, demanded that the great statesman and political thinker be given a grave of honour in Westminster Abbey. For Fox was a great man; his tears were not falsely moved.

Burke had forestalled him even then. His Will dictated that he be buried in the churchyard of his parish.

Eighty years were to pass before the title "Lord Beaconsfield" was to burst upon the world, and the holder then was to have nothing outwardly in common with Burke save a great mastery of parliamentary language and an inspired faith in England.

END

Pre-view by Wolsey
This angora Wolsey Shirtmaker looks ahead to autumn. There are others just as smart. Shops will have them in September!



THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE

The mechanical terrors of this war are so widespread that one is tempted to believe that Science has given itself completely to the service of destruction.

But if we think again, we find that even in this concentration on destruction there is much that will live to benefit mankind when this war is over.

The brains, the time and money now devoted to making the bomber a fearful and grim instrument of terror, will serve to improve the safety and speed of the air liners of the future travelling on their voyages of peace and mercy.

The inventiveness which has improved the tank will help to make for better tractors and motor cars. The constant research in wireless, now so speeded up by war's necessities, makes us conscious that Science has, so far, presented us with only a very rough sketch of the possibilities of radio. The finished picture—radio and television co-operating—will be a colourful masterpiece, bringing education and entertainment far beyond the realms of our imagination.

The new knowledge which doctors are now acquiring in healing and mending the wounds of war will help to relieve the pain and suffering of generations to come: and the suffering endured now with such fortitude will be an inspiration to those who come after.

When we think of the evil forces which are challenging our race, we can reflect with pride on the united effort we are making for victory. Then out of this spurred effort will also come a great impetus to scientific progress after the war—an impetus which will give to a Britain at peace, better health, better homes, a better standard of living and a happier life for all.

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No. 1 of a series of advertisements issued by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

Stage Wife (*Continued from page 14*)

dressing-case and a hat-box. She wore a "casual" travelling coat of camelhair, and her hair tumbled carelessly about her shoulders. Flat-heeled shoes. Hardly any make-up. She could have passed for sixteen.

"I hope you'll have room for all your things," Sandra remarked. "If not, there's an extra cupboard on the landing."

"Darling—I haven't brought *anything*. Only country clothes. One needn't worry, in Blackborough, after all!"

Sandra gave instructions for the six trunks to be taken upstairs and led her guest into the drawing-room.

"How marvellous not to be in an hotel," Laura said. "There's something so *dreary* about hotels. How did you find this house?"

"Through an agent."

"Of course you're so terribly *practical*," Laura said. "It must be wonderful to be able to deal with agents and people. I'm hopeless at it."

She looked at Sandra with wide-eyed admiration.

Tim came in late to tea. He was apologetic and charming. He sparkled. He made witty remarks.

"Of course," Sandra reflected. "He does adore having two or three women to play up to. Natural, I suppose, to want an audience."

The room was a stage, she thought suddenly. The furniture was stage furniture. It was a little surprising to find real tea in the cups. That was the trouble with actors. You couldn't be sure they weren't always speaking lines—watching to see how well they were "going over."

BUT once upon a time she and Tim had had a *real* relationship. Their love had been sincere. And she had fought to keep that sincerity.

All the next two weeks Sandra felt as though she were running a merciless race. Laura wasn't an easy guest. She never stayed put. She would wander into the nursery at bed time and wanted to play with the children when they were supposed to be having their baths. She would come into Sandra's bedroom, and talk about her love affairs, when Sandra was hurriedly changing for dinner.

"Tim Terence?" Laura would say. "Of course he's a divine actor. You'd never think when you hear him making love that he lives in a domestic muddle with nappies and things drying all over the bathroom."

That sort of thing didn't do a romantic actor any good. Particularly when he wasn't as young as he used to be and people were beginning to watch for signs of age.

Laura got up early and went to bed late. But Sandra was up before her. Planning the day's meals, organising the housework, looking over the children's clothes. She would stroll negligently into Laura's room shortly after her guest's breakfast tray, wearing an exotic house-coat and trying to appear as though she'd only just got up.

Laura was not deceived.

Sandra knew she wasn't, but she had to keep on running the race.

The climax came one night at dinner.

Laura wanted to go dancing on the pier.

"Such fun, my dears!" she said. "Crowded and noisy, and hot. *Do* let's go. There's the dress rehearsal to-morrow and we shan't have another chance for weeks."

Sandra had a headache. She did not like the thought of heat and noise and crowds.

"You go with Tim," she said.

"Oh I didn't mean that!" Laura protested.

"No—do go. I should be quite glad of an evening at home," Sandra said.

"Poor dear, I expect you would. It must be tiring to work as hard as you do to keep all your belongings so—perfect."

Sandra said nothing. So that was to be Laura's story, was it?

"Oh yes—Tim and Sandra. My dear, the woman's a *slave*. Everything has to be perfect. For Tim, of course. But then, when you get to his age . . ."

Sandra could hear her.

And Tim and Laura went dancing.

They stayed downstairs a long time when they came back and at last Sandra could bear it no longer. She crept along the passage and opened the drawing-room door. They didn't hear her. Laura was sitting on the sofa and Tim had his arms round her and his head on her shoulder.

Sandra nodded and went back to bed.

TIM breakfasted late, always. Sandra took a breakfast tray into him at ten o'clock the next morning. For a moment she stood staring down at him, and tenderness gripped her like physical pain. He lay with his nose buried in the pillow, lost to the world.

"Breakfast, Tim," she said.

"Sandra, you're early," he muttered.

"It's ten o'clock."

She waited until he had finished his first cup of coffee. Then she announced: "I'm going away, Tim."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I'm going to take the children to live in the country."

"But, Sandra——"

"Don't waste time protesting, Tim. It won't do any good."

"I think you must be mad. You can't just walk out on me like this without any reason," he stammered.

"I'm not mad. Only tired. And there is a reason. You know it."

"Laura?" he said.

"Yes."

"She doesn't mean anything to me, Sandra! Really she doesn't. It was just—an impulse."

"I daresay. And there'll be other impulses."

"Darling—there'll never be any one but you. Not in any way that matters."

Sandra sighed, and lit a cigarette.

"Good dialogue, Tim," she said, "but I'm tired of good dialogue. I'd like a little honest speech for a change."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You're always acting," she told him. "On the stage and off the stage. This isn't a conversation. It's a scene. Years ago we used to be sincere with each other. We aren't now. And—I'm no actress."

"You've never been jealous before."

"Perhaps not. And it isn't only jealousy now. It's hundreds of other things. So I'm going, Tim."

She left Blackborough a fortnight later. Very decorously. There was no scandal. The place did not suit the children's health, she said, and she was going to try the country for a time.

Laura Loveday showed no disposition to move, so Sandra invited another female member of the cast to come and stay in the house. That would stop the gossip for the time being.

The house at Bampton was lovely. She furnished it hurriedly and inexpensively, with stuff bought at country sales. It didn't matter what it looked like. There would be no photographers here.

She engaged a young country girl to do the cooking, and arranged for a village woman to "come in." It was all so easy, now that she had escaped from the public's critical eyes.

The children adored the house, and particularly the garden.

The days were full and happy. And at first she had been glad to go to bed almost as soon as supper was over.

But after a time the evenings began to drag. Long dark evenings, when her mind wandered from her book to the theatre at Blackborough. The smell of grease paint, the muddle in the dressing-room, Tim wiping make-up off his face.

Tim. But she couldn't keep up with him. She had fought hard for a long time, but she had been beaten in the end. The race was to the young. To the young who could be satisfied with stage dialogue; who didn't look for anything deeper and more abiding.

She was digging in the vegetable garden one afternoon when she heard a car.

Callers! she thought. Mercy!

She was dirty and untidy and in no mood for polite conversation. She ran into the kitchen to tell the girl that she was not at home.

It was too late. The front door was open and the girl was saying: "I'll find her, sir."

"All right, Mary," Sandra called. "I'm coming."

She washed her hands at the kitchen sink and went through the hall and into the drawing-room. Tim was standing by the fire.

"Well," Sandra said.

She was trembling. She thought: I must pull myself together. He'll be charming, of course. I *mustn't* give in.

She said: "Will you have some tea? The children have gone for a walk but they won't be long."

"I didn't come to see the children and I don't want any tea," Tim said.

"Cigarette?"

He took one from the box she held out, glancing at her sideways.

"You look tired," she said.

"I am. Sandra—is this house yours?"

"I took it on a lease. I may buy it later."

"And the furniture?"

"Bought at sales, most of it, in a hurry. It serves my purpose."

He looked about the room.

"It's a lovely room," Tim said gently. "It looks—lived in. And you look lovely too, Sandra."

"Don't bother to lie, Tim. I know what I look like. But it doesn't matter. There's no one to play up to, here."

"Is that a nice change?"

"Heavenly."

"Laura has left," he said abruptly.

"Oh—why?"

"I threw her out," he said. "Stupid creature. She's drunk with her own beauty."

"She is—lovely," Sandra said.

"She isn't a patch on you, my pet."

Sandra said wearily: "It's no good flattering me, Tim. I'm not coming back. I'm finished with trailing after you. I can't keep up."

"Then stay here," he said. "Stay in this house you've made. Stay still. Let me—come back to you."

SHE had listened to his voice for ten years. On the stage and off it. She knew every tone in it as well as she knew her own hands. And he wasn't playing to the gallery now.

"Oh Tim," she said.

"I've been a fool, Sandra. You needn't rub it in. Only—let me come home."

She said: "You can't live here. It's a shabby house. It won't do for a brilliant young actor."

"It *will* do. Listen, darling. I'm tired too. Tired of being a handsome young man. When this thing comes off I'm going to have a different part. In the next play I'm—middle-aged."

"Oh Tim—I'm sorry."

"I'm not. It's time. And I shan't be less of an actor for playing my proper age."

"You'll steal the play."

"I hope so. And it won't matter then, if I live in a shabby country house. It's only when you're young that people expect you to be glamorous."

"But will you *like* living here?" she asked. "We're fifteen miles from Blackborough. Getting to and fro. And we shan't see nearly so many people."

"I don't mind the distance," Tim said. "And we don't need people when we have each other. It's time, Sandra, for a—different setting."

The country girl, coming in with the tea tray, started and muttered an apology.

"It's all right, Mary," Sandra said. "This is my husband."

None of Tim's leading ladies had ever lifted a more radiant face to his.

"Darling!" he said shamelessly. "What a marvellous curtain!"

But Sandra heard the love in his voice.

END

Wings Over Africa (*Continued from page 6*)

downwards; another, suddenly aflame, tries valiantly to flatten out, and then nose-dives four miles vertically down into the sand; another, simultaneously smitten by the fire of twenty-four guns from three British machines, disintegrates in mid-air as its petrol tank explodes. Bits fly everywhere.

And then all that is seen is a number of dwindling black dots legging it across the distant heavens for home.

And the British fighters re-form, without loss, and pull throttles wide in a dash after the vanished bombers, now many miles farther on towards the objective.

They are overhauled. Rejoicing in sheer speed, three fighters go on ahead and above and perform a circus "victory roll" to show the lads what score has been notched up—so far.

And then more Ghibli clouds, and so the leader orders descent—down—down—down—with vibrating wings and thrumming engines, right down till the sandhills are visible, crawling now with men and vehicles.

There is a spit-spit of fire flashes, and dirty cauliflowers of white puff about the sky, but they are ignored and the aircraft beat onwards. This is not the target, neither is this the hour.

Still the dark bombers hurry on, with the zipping dragon-fly fighters protectingly about them. And then one gives an involuntary cry as one sights the real objective, far away; a thick ant-hill of stirring black where two desert roads converge between hills; focal point of the Italian retreat.

Far over it, like hawks brooding in the still air, are the shapes of Fiat and Breda fighters, a whole mob of them. With instant purpose, waspish, eager, they form into a great V, and start towards us, as if by one sheer terrific thrust to push down our formation out of the skies.

The British fleet is breaking into groups—splitting, diving, dissolving, and forming again.

And then as the first Italians come within range, the first British bombs go down. In the big, dark bombers, men with intent, grave faces focusing bomb-sights, hold each in his right hand, a button attached to a cord.

One by one, as the targets glide on to the sights, they steadily press the buttons. There is a shuddering of the machine, and a half-ton bomb has gone down. Slowly it points downward—noses down—and a wide crater of smoke and sand uprushes.

Down to less than 1,000 feet despite fierce upward barrage, the great bombers go, till it seems as if their outstretched wings darken the faces of the little, running men below, like the shadow of death. Down till the bombs can thud exactly among the park of armoured vehicles neatly drawn up; down till the dusty roads are spotted with gaping craters; down farther than that.

For one of the attackers, pressing home an attack exactly where the two roads converge, letting go its load only at the last split second, is struck amidships by a shell, sails apart like a kite torn open, and falls—it seems terribly slowly—into a splayed-out mass of billowing, smoking wreckage on the side of a hill.

Sleep well, you who were borne on eagles' wings . . . your task is done, and was done before you fell like Icarus out of the sky.

Then, as if in grim and darkling vengeance for their stricken mate, the other bombers sweep across the place again and again. *Woomph! Woo-oomph!* The explosions shake the heart and make the brain reel.

The guns below still clatter and spit, but one nest of them at least is knocked all ways like a child's model passionately kicked aside. And the road—the vital road along which the retreating army must pass or die—is battered and dug and cratered and split; and though a second bomber suddenly turns over in flames and tears down to earth in a long fire-cracker curve and blows up with a dull report, yet the task of the raiders is completed, and they turn away like sated vultures and flop heavily homewards.

END

Summer Season Mirage (*Continued from page 5*)

How many of those who served cocktails and all the rest, are now prisoners of war in Germany. They, too, must be thinking hereabouts of days gone by. And of their clientele now scattered right and left.

ON the Lido an Axis season. The Germans always did crowd into Venice. The last time I was there, three of Ley's "Strength Through Joy" ships had put in, but the Venetians got little joy. Each German was doled out ten lire a day for shore spending and they brought their own rations along. It was seeing Venice for nothing, in the locals' view. And the Venetians always were sharply critical. But they've got nothing to say. Most of the people of Europe have got nothing to say while this unholy mix-up spins itself out.

Meanwhile, the Lido has lost the Anglo-American imprint which first pepped it into the spotlight, and to which the Italians themselves so quickened. Few of them ever quickened to the *Tedeschi*, crude, overbearing, humourless, and ever with the master-race stuff in the backs of their minds. With rare exceptions, I found the Germans best in their own country; but that is not exclusive to Germans. It does mean, however, that holiday-making on the Continent will be an ordeal in future, if ever the Germans should finish on top.

At one time it looked as though the Adriatic might become an active war zone. Instead, one side of it, from Suzak down to Corfu, lies stricken and "occupied" by the glorious jackal host of Il Duce. The only vessels entering Dubrovnik, hub of as enticing a summer playground as Europe ever showed—the Dalmatian Coast—are those of war. At quayside cafés, once deploying the last thing in "beach" attire, Fascists puff out over their wine.

Lovely surrounding isles know only male and military sun-bathers.

At the top of the Adriatic there used to be the fashionable Brioni islands and Abbazia where every Hungarian who could afford it, was wont to have an annual splash. The fact of the Hungarians being ruled by an admiral only seemed to increase their hunger for water. Their second summer playground was the vast Lake Balaton near Budapest, on which fatal storms can blow up. Some summer resorts, like Balaton, will escape the general blight thanks to domestic patronage, even as the people of Britain must try and get somewhere for their week's sanctioned holiday. Hitler can't spare his workers in war industry any more than we can, yet many will be given breaks in such tramping-grounds as the Black Forest and the Harz Mountains, Bavaria, and the Dolomites. Austrians are probably thronging to the Klagenfurt-Villach lake and mountain region, and to Innsbrück.

Quite a number at home here will miss the Black Forest and the Rhineland—though I always thought the latter much over-rated.

Then there is the fate of the spas. They relied on a world that has disintegrated, if any places did. Just now they would have been enjoying the high season. One thinks of the composite army of employees that went to sustain it. I don't mean hotel staffs so much as musicians and artists ("attractions"), *boutique* and kiosk keepers, *croupiers*—they also had to live—racing personnel, mannequins and gigolos, even the so-called underworld. Pimps and pretty things—but so hard—swindlers and dope-pedlars, adventurers and hangers-on. All dematerialised.

IT has been said that no greater invalids ever visited Vichy than the men installed there since last July. If Darlan's adherents make a habit of sipping the waters as they pass by, they're certainly a crochety crowd. Vichy water does that. They'd have developed a less jaundiced view had they gone elsewhere. Vichy had it coming anyway. As far back as 1933 it was chosen as G.H.Q. in the event of the French Armies having to retire from the frontiers. Vichy had any number of big buildings, excellent communications, it lay in the centre of France, and could be easily blacked out. Hence its selection. Well, there it is now—passed into history—bracketed with a page few future Frenchmen will care to linger over.

Aix-les-Bains was the most English. Where are its rheumatics now. Harrogate? Droitwich? A good few at these foreign spas were so many hypochondriacs. The heartier variety was to be found on the links. How are the "golfs" faring in the absence of the Anglo-Americans who were their core? The idle caddies. Stagnation, and Nazis, Nazis everywhere. Such is the tale.

Under Hitler's proposed territorial rearrangement, it would seem that four of the most celebrated spas are booked for integration in the Reich: Karlsbad, Marienbad, Vittel, which is in Lorraine, and Spa, which lies in Belgium on the edge of strategic country formerly in German hands. Spa was badly knocked about on May 9 and 10, 1940. It cares for the heart and has encircling uplands of much beauty. The last time I saw Leopold, he was reviewing his army at Spa, and what enthusiasm! Its show-spot was William the Second's 1918 bomb-proof underground suite, as thorough a piece of work as I've seen in this war. Other Belgian resorts—Ostend, Le Zoute—form the Nazi front line. And so does the "Brighton" of Holland, Scheveningen.

Switzerland. Devotees of the mountains and lakes were a tribe of their own. You could take your beaches! Lazy places, half the time hit by the weather, and always packed. Rather step out on the Bernese Oberland in July and August, in the Jura, or over many passes for which one didn't have to be *climbers*. That was another thing altogether. Very *recherché*. One visualises a Bateman drawing: "Why don't you try Snowdon?" addressed to an Oxford don currently itching for his annual piece of Matterhorn.

Well, it will be tough on the guides, for the Swiss will have almost the sole run of their mountains, and they don't run to guides.

A rarefied few tourists may have gained St. Moritz, but the Grindelwalds and Lucerne will know not their "one-week-in-Switzerland" avalanche. What a wilderness must result of closed or empty hotels and restaurants and tea shops. And marooned in the middle of them, almost alone of his Deauville world-that-was, the Aga Khan.

Even he now has to handle his cheque-book with precision, no funds being available for surviving cosmopolitans abroad beyond a strictly regulated supply.

The best situated are those who possess their own villas and banking accounts in such places as Lausanne. It doesn't matter where you turn at this season. Sunshine, scenery and the locals are the same but the Continent's fair places are hushed and still. The madness of men rules them out for two years, three years, how many years? The summer holiday, looked forward to by countless ones more than anything else in the year, must remain a mirage.

With Europe held under almost from end to end, none from the occupied countries may sally forth any more than we can. The Nazis have sole foreign rights. Places like Stresa, Rapallo and Capri have been turned into havens for "tired warriors." And if the Nazis can hardly enjoy the Norwegian Fjords, be sure that as many as can are visiting Stockholm's (*Continued on page 54*)

Faith—and your food . .

Even before the war you did not have that "personal acquaintance" with the food appearing on your table that your grandfather had. It comes to you not from your neighbour's farm but from the far places of the Empire.

And you take it upon trust.

How have you placed that trust over this, the first necessity of life? By the brand-names under which your food appears in the shops, by the proven purity, flavour and goodness of this brand or that.

For over 70 years you have trusted Heinz Foods for these reasons; for over 70 years Heinz have striven to give better and yet better foods — to live up to your faith in them.

Nowadays Heinz have their part to play in the national effort and not all their good things can go to the public; therefore you will sometimes find smaller stocks of the famous varieties in your shops.

For Heinz will not betray your trust by lowering the quality, by buying cheaper "make-do" foods just to get sales. They are determined that the war's end shall find this "faith between men" whole and untarnished.

Meanwhile, each time you see the familiar label you will know that there, under your hand, is 'Heinz quality for a few pence' — a food that has not been debased in quality or purity, in flavour or nutriment.

Thousand Islands or the coastal strip along the Oresund between Copenhagen and Elsinore. At the other end of Europe, Germans can put off from Marseilles for Majorca. It is known that Hitler ordains a maximum of short leave in several directions, not only with a view to curing the boredom and sapping that springs from long-drawn-out, uneventful occupation of hostile conquered countries, but as a means of forwarding Fifth Column projects. There's propagandist value, he feels, in displaying his conquering young Nazis enjoying themselves abroad.

July was the month when the seaways were criss-crossed by cruising liners. What a hold that form of summer holiday had gained. Cruises to Madeira, to "Nearest East" at Tangier, through the Kiel Canal to the Baltic, up to North Cape, down to "Mediterranean ports" and to the Aegean. One even went on week-end cruises to Antwerp and Amsterdam.

More than of the cruising ones who made merry, we may well think to-day of the ships themselves and of those who sailed them. How many vessels whose names were familiar have slid beneath the waves? It is hard to imagine that cheery lounge, that corner of the upper deck where Romance began, at the bottom of the sea or dangling in great depths. Yet so it is.

And the cheery faces of the ship's company—do you remember them? Their faintly amused attitude, but always ready to help make things "go."

Europe's playgrounds. Those who see them in the future will hardly be the kind of people who frequented them in the past. *That* writing was already on the wall even without Hitler's intervention. Of the several good things the Nazi regime produced, the "Strength Through Joy" movement was not the least. We laughed at it. Because it smelled so strongly of German organisation and human automata. Nevertheless it holds the germ of a good idea: that the people shall see the world, too, not mainly a privileged class. This idea will spread, whatever the result of the war.

After the last war, the Continent's playgrounds knew a huge development and exploitation. As they stand to-day, they are mostly growths of that war's aftermath. People, for instance, who knew the Riviera or the Basque Coast before and after the last war, knew two quite different places. The age of luxury-this and luxury-that supervened in the early twenties. It was overdone. As the event showed, it hit these places badly when the slump arrived across two hemispheres. Resorts depended overmuch on people with money, lots of it.

Summer Season Mirage

With this war to pay for, there won't be much money to throw around on Louis Quinze hotel bedrooms and marble bathrooms. Europe's playgrounds of the future will cater for more normal and generalised purses, and on a broad average they should not be losers. The precious and the selfish—such as survive—will throw up their hands in dismay. Useless regret will be indulged by people whose telegraphic address is a constant "Canute." The transformation will come just the same.

Too many places have been enjoyed by too few. But away with prophecy . . . "To-morrow is a lovely day."

END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

but possessed of much resolution also. Thus by suavity and persuasion, enforced wherever needful by personal bravery, of which he gave ample proof, Abdelaziz succeeded in obtaining the mastery over all."

This prince, eager to do his part, marched at the head of his host towards the southern part of Spain. There, a Christian general called Teodomir, determined to resist the invader, had gathered all the defensive forces he could find. But the impetus of the Arabian cavalry dispersed the majority of his warriors, who fell back, heavily decimated. The brave but unfortunate general found himself with a mere handful of survivors before the walls of Auriola. Hoping to obtain aid, he took refuge in that city; but apart from a few boys and decrepit old men, the city contained none but women. Capitulation seemed inevitable. But Teodomir was an extremely resourceful man. Having come upon a considerable store of military equipment in the fortress, he sent messengers throughout the town commanding the immediate presence of all the tallest and most stalwart women. When they had assembled at his bidding, he dressed them up in the uniform of armed soldiers. Their hair was parted in the middle and brought forward to cover their jaws, being knotted under the chin to resemble heavy beards. Helmeted, with shields, bows and lances in their hands, they were posted in hundreds along the battlements that surrounded the town, well in view of the approaching enemy.

Abdelaziz, confronted with such a menacing array of bearded warriors on the walls of Auriola, slowed down his advance to a more cautious pace, anticipating a long siege. Suddenly he saw one of the gates open. A lone horseman came at a gallop to meet the Arab vanguard. The messenger, in the name of Prince Teodomir, was brought before Abdelaziz, where he proposed peace terms in exchange for guarantees of security for the lives and property of the citizens, together with honourable conditions for the strong force of defenders. Abdelaziz received the Christian knight most kindly. Eager to avoid bloodshed, he agreed to all the terms. A peace treaty was signed on the spot. Only then did the messenger disclose his identity. It was Prince Teodomir himself.

Next day the gates of Auriola were thrown open and a magnificent banquet offered to Abdelaziz and all his chieftains. Once inside the city, Abdelaziz was quick to notice the complete absence of armed men. He asked Teodomir where he had hidden the hundreds of fierce warriors who had manned the walls. Teodomir replied with a smile that they were probably at home feeding their babies! Amid general amusement he revealed the simple strategy—and in proof, he introduced to the company one of those "warriors" who had caused Abdelaziz so much concern that he freely granted such favourable conditions of armistice.

Meanwhile rivalry between Muza, the father of Abdelaziz, and Taric had grown to the point where they complained of each other's misconduct to the Caliph in Damascus. As a consequence they were both recalled from Spain. It was then that Abdelaziz was left in control of the conquered territory. He went to Seville to take possession of the immense royal treasure—and it was there that he met for the first time the neglected Queen Egilona, who had lost both throne and husband. With profound reverence Abdelaziz paid his homage. Her beauty and youth had fired the heart of the handsome Arab prince.

FROM this meeting blossomed a romance that circumstances rapidly fostered. No woman ever loves so ardently as the one who has been maltreated by another man. Until now, Egilona had been but the helpless tool of a malign fate. Her jewelled crown had been in actual fact a wreath of thorns. Riches and honour had amounted to nothing but glamorous deception; she had beheld the pomp surrounding her with eyes blurred with tears. Awakening to a new life, she was the happiest woman in the world. Unused to the poeticism of an Eastern lover, she was transmuted, intoxicated with bliss.

Abdelaziz declared his intention of marrying her, of recognising her status as queen, and of permitting her to keep all her personal jewels. She had a collection of necklaces that would have filled a museum. (These had gained for her among the Arabs the title of Omalisam—queen of the necklaces.)

The marriage took place amid scenes of impressive Oriental splendour. The difference between the two religions was overlooked. Legally Egilona became a Moslem, though a Christian at heart.

Abdelaziz swore to her that, despite his faith, he would never marry any other woman.

Their official residence was established in Seville, as also was the senate house, called by the Moslems "Aduana."

Anxious to avoid bloodshed wherever possible, the young governor pursued a policy of gradual conquest, granting freedom of religion and showing exemplary restraint in imposing taxes. He was a man who believed in inspiring affection rather than terror.

About this time Muza and Taric were approaching Damascus in order to lay their respective complaints before the Caliph. Muza, in order to impress the Caliph, brought with him the immense treasure which he had pitilessly looted from Spain. He had robbed even the churches of their sacred symbols. Not content with this, he had also brought with him several hundred prisoners taken from the Spanish nobility. These were to take part in a triumphal procession, attired in all their ceremonial finery of jewels, embroidered girdles and coronets.

Taric brought, by contrast, only the written record of his exploits.

Muza was the first to arrive; but he found the Caliph so ill that no one expected him to live for more than two days.

Orders were received from the successor-apparent that Muza must not enter Damascus before the new Caliph had assumed power.

These orders Muza disobeyed, and entered the city as he had planned. The new Caliph was so incensed at this flagrant act of insubordination that he ordered the arrest of Muza and the deposition of his sons from the government of Spain.

So it occurred that one day emissaries from the Caliph arrived in Seville with sealed orders. On being opened, these were found to comprise the death sentence for Abdelaziz, on the mere ground that he was the son of Muza.

The difficulty in the path of its execution was the fact that Abdelaziz was so much beloved by his troops and subjects. The only way seemed to be to make a show of justification.

The intended victim was still unaware of his approaching doom when a council of Arab chieftains decided to pave the way by means of propagating a calumny and thus poisoning the mind of the people against him. They accused him of favouring the Christians in the hope of becoming a Christian himself, at the head of a Christian Spain. His marriage with Egilona, his faithful submission to her wishes, his promise to marry one woman only, his generosity in sparing the Christian churches from spoliation, together with many other privileges granted to a vanquished people, were all accusations which could be brought against him. In other words, all the noble qualities which made of Abdelaziz literally and spiritually a prince among men, were twisted into treacheries against his race and his faith.

Not far from Seville there is an old farm called Kenis Rebina. Abdelaziz had embellished it with every luxury and refinement, making of it a perfect little resort where he and his beloved spent many happy hours of leisure.

One morning he was at prayer on a beautiful carpet in this little sanctuary when the place was suddenly surrounded by armed men. He had barely time to rise before he was assailed from all sides by the assassins The deed took no more than a few seconds. Egilona was not touched. Dazed by horror, she could do nothing but ask over and over again: "*Why? Why?*"

The decapitated body of Abdelaziz was buried at Kenis Rebina, scene of past happiness and vanished dreams.

END

Let's talk about FOOD

CRISP salads and new vegetables are now plentiful. How their fresh flavour enlivens our meals! And there's nothing like them to give clearness to the complexion, a sparkle to the eyes. For they're natural health giving foods. A big helping of salad and some National Wheatmeal Bread is a delicious health and beauty treatment; one which everyone should enjoy every day.

QUESTIONS YOU ASKED

Fruit is still very scarce in my district. How much greenstuffs does one need to take the place of it?

It is the Vitamin C in fruit which is so beneficial and this is supplied just as well by vegetables. You ought to have at least 1,000 units of Vitamin C every day. A good helping of mixed salad as well as two or three tablespoonfuls of cooked greens and ½-lb. of potato nicely fills your daily requirement of Vitamin C.

You can make other selections from this table:

		Vitamin C Units
	Cooked	
Potatoes	8 ozs.	= 480
Spinach	4 ozs.	= 700
Broccoli	4 ozs.	= 600
Spring Greens	4 ozs.	= 500
Turnip Tops	4 ozs.	= 480
Cabbage	4 ozs.	= 300
Swedes	4 ozs.	= 260
	Raw	
Spinach	½ oz.	= 150
Watercress	½ oz.	= 150
Cabbage	½ oz.	= 100
Spring Onions	½ oz.	= 84
Parsley	½ oz.	= 70

Ought I now to use up the canned foods and bottled fruits I bought last Autumn? Will they spoil?

No; canned foods and bottled fruits keep indefinitely. Some fruits lose a little of their colour after about two years, and milk may become sugary in about 9 months; but their wholesomeness and food value do not suffer in the least. Don't forget that sardines, or any fish canned in oil, should be turned over every few weeks so that the oil doesn't get a chance to drain through and leave the top fish dry.

Is it fair that a child should receive the same ration of cheese as a grown, manual worker?

Grown-ups only need body-building foods like cheese for repair of tissue; children are growing, adding to their bodies daily. So with the limited amount of cheese available, you see it is right for children to have the same allowance as adults.

* *

The Queen of Hearts
Said "No" to tarts;
"There's Wheatmeal
Bread for Tea.
Each cream-gold slice
Is oh, so nice
And better far for me."

Issued by The Ministry of Food (S14)

In olden times only the fittest survived. The same is true to-day: only the fittest can survive the strain and worry of war conditions while keeping their health and vitality.

Nerve *versus* Nerves –yesterday and today

Once life was calm and unhurried; now for most of us it means extra worries, long hours of unaccustomed work and extra strain. Small wonder that seven out of ten people today need 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. 'Sanatogen' nourishes the taut nerves, enriches the impoverished blood, by supplying them with essential organic phosphorus and protein. This doesn't mean a mere temporary stimulation to energy; it means positive, lasting benefit to nerves and body.

If *you* are feeling the strain of present day conditions, start a course of 'Sanatogen' today.

'SANATOGEN'

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists in 22/3 jars and 12/1½, 6/6, and 2 6½ tins (Including Tax).

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

Perseus Flies Again (*Continued from page 27*)

never yet abandoned a position in the face of the enemy, and I'm not starting now—no, by God." The colonel flicked his moustache fiercely. "Certainly not for any bl——" He broke off, coughing, as Joan came back into the room.

Deane glanced at the clock. "By Jove! I must be on my way," he announced.

"What's the hurry?" queried the colonel. "Here, have some sherry."

Deane held out a negative hand.

"Trouble with you young fellers to-day you can't——"

"Daddy!" Joan's voice held a reproach.

The colonel changed his tone. "Glass of sherry never hurt anybody," he growled. "What about staying for a bite of lunch, my lad? No need to rush off."

"Lunch is in," murmured Joan softly.

Deane wavered, and fell. He took off his flying kit.

"Talking of rations," said the colonel, "I remember at Mafeking——"

IT was nearly three when Deane announced that he really ought to be getting back to the aerodrome. "The weather's breaking up," he pointed out. "Jerry may try to slip over through the clouds."

"I'll come and see you off," Joan told him.

"You really shouldn't stay here," he said seriously, as they walked slowly across the lawn to the pasture. "I think you're taking a big risk, an unnecessary one."

She shook her head. "When my father sticks his toes in he's a rock. I can't leave him. While he stays I'm tied here. Still ——" She broke off, listening.

Deane stiffened. "Sounds like an alert in the distance," he said shortly.

"Evidently you were right about the weather. There goes the Carstone siren."

"It's my cue to get off," declared Deane, making a swift reconnaissance of the billowing cumulus that was rolling up from the west. "By Jove! There he is," he went on tersely, pointing to a dark speck that was streaking across the sky. The next instant he was racing like a madman towards his machine.

He found the engine still warm. By the time he had got into his seat the enemy aircraft was in plain view, roaring tail-up on a course that would take it over the house. Even as Deane's hand flicked the throttle open its dive steepened, its objective no longer in doubt. His expression was grim as he took off in a steep climbing turn, for he saw that unless something unforeseen happened he would be too late. The enemy aircraft, which he now recognised as a Junkers, was nearly vertical, and he was still too far off for effective shooting. Tense, he watched for the bombs to detach themselves. Instead, the Junkers suddenly swerved, and he knew that the pilot had seen him.

Deane held the stick forward until he was immediately below the enemy aircraft; then he stood the "Hurricane" on its tail, and, as soon as he was within range, fired a long burst. The Junkers turned into a cloud, at the same time releasing its bombs, which fell in a scattered line across the fields.

Deane held his zoom to the limit of safety; then, banking steeply, he made for the spot where his opponent had disappeared. The Junkers burst through the cloud, and they both had to swerve wildly to avoid collision. As the swastika-decorated machine whirled past Deane saw a device painted on the cowling. It was a dragon, rampant. He was round in a flash, guns grunting, and from the way the Junkers's nose jerked skyward he knew that his bullets had found their mark. For a moment it wallowed, its airscrew threshing, black smoke pouring from its exhaust; then it turned slowly on its back, and fell, a shattered wreck, into a wood about a mile from the house.

Deane circled twice over the spot, but as nothing moved he turned for home, blipping his engine as he raced low over the house. Looking down he could see Joan waving. The colonel, brandishing a gun, appeared to be dancing. Deane flew on. Ten minutes later he was on the aerodrone, taxying in. As he jumped down and began walking towards the mess, Toddy, the mess secretary, came to meet him.

"I've just taken an urgent phone message for you," he announced. "It doesn't make sense to me. Here it is." He passed a slip of paper.

Deane took it, and read :—

"Hail! deliverer. I take back all I said about your steed—but Perseus didn't leave Andromeda on the rock."

"What's all this damn nonsense about Perseus?" demanded Toddy.

Deane was slipping out of his parachute harness. "Wasn't he one of the early birds in this flying business? I seem to recall that he slew a dragon—or was it a monster—to save a maiden in distress?"

Memory dawned in Toddy's eyes. "That's right. She was chained to a rock—naked. They had five children."

Deane shook his head sadly. "You would remember that part of it, wouldn't you?" he murmured sarcastically. "By the way, remind me to wash out for dinner; I shan't be in."

Invasion (*Continued from page 9*)

She opened the door and pulled aside the curtain intended to stem the march of the germs. It was bone dry. The bucket, half full still of disinfectant, stood at the head of the stairs, but it was clear that no one had used it for some time. Meryl could not think of that. She could only think of the disaster that had befallen her. Not only all her money, but the money her father had given her for her return ticket, was gone.

She clattered noisily down the uncarpeted upper stairs, her footsteps echoing strangely in the silence. She opened the door of the salon. No one was there. The place smelt dusty and hot. The green shutters as well as the windows were closed. That was not unusual. The Leroux had a great dislike of the *courant d'air*. And since air can never really be relied on not to "cour," they excluded it altogether. So that the house always smelt slightly unventilated, like a church, only to-day it seemed worse than usual.

The little room beside the front door, where Pissot usually chortled over a comic paper in which innumerable ladies capered in the nude, was empty. His black beret did not hang any longer from its hook. The kitchen, too, was empty. Beyond it, the door of the bedroom where the Pissots lived and slept, brawling a good bit, stood wide open. A piece of grey sheet trailed on the floor. All the drawers had been pulled out and emptied, as if someone had left in a hurry.

Gone, thought Meryl, suddenly frightened. They've all gone!

She steadied herself against the table, and faced this fresh disaster. Had the Pissots, perhaps, murdered both the ladies, and robbed them, also. In those still upper rooms, did bodies await her?

How right they had been, who warned her to stay at home. The kitchen swam unpleasantly before Meryl's eyes. She saw half a bottle of wine, sour and uncorked, that the Pissots had left, and she poured herself out a glass full and gulped it down.

It gave her a sort of desperate courage. She went upstairs. Nerving herself for what she might find there, she opened each door, holding her breath.

There was nothing. Madame's violet de parme toque stood on the hat stand by the dressing-table in her room. Mademoiselle Yvonne's prie-Dieu had been pushed aside, to allow someone to remove the crucifix from the wall.

They had gone. All of them. But when? And why? The magnitude of the disaster turned her dizzy again and she sat down on the top step of that still and empty house, her head in her hands.

THEN, like a ray of hope, she remembered a friend. He was the fat gendarme who controlled the traffic, wearing an imposing cape and carrying a white baton. At first she had thought him rather like Mephistopheles, with his beady eyes and his twirled black moustaches, but he turned out to be very friendly. He had lived in England as a young man, and spoke a little English, which he loved to air on her, so that they often had quite long chats. And he told her how, under another name, he owned a little shop in the rue Louvoise, that sold cheese and fruit, and drinks of various sorts, and when any one consulted him as a policeman, where to shop, he always directed them there, so that he made quite a good living.

She would go and find him and tell him what had happened, and he would advise her what to do about her stolen money, and direct her to the British consul. He was a nice man and always ended their conversation by saluting her politely, remarking :

"Well. Roast beef. God-dam!"

After the dusty dimness of the house, the sunshine blinded her for a moment, the cool fresh air was like wine. Leaving the door on the latch, she ran to the corner, her camel hair coat blowing out behind her. She still got breathless if she hurried. It must be a Sunday, or else her watch had stopped, and told her the wrong time. There wasn't a soul to be seen. The houses looked down all round her, with shuttered windows like sleeping faces. It was only as she came to the corner of the square, that she saw there were people in the main road beyond. Quite a lot of people, strangely unfamiliar, wearing grey. They were doing the goose step like a lot of robots, like mechanical figures, wound up by some giant's hand. She stood, clinging to the railings, holding on to them for support, because she was beginning to understand.

Then a military band struck up. It struck up so loud and with such vigour that it almost blew her off her feet. A cat that had come from the gardens in the centre of the square, turned at the sound of it and bolted back again.

Panic seized Meryl as it had seized the cat. For now she knew. It hadn't been just talk and nonsense, all the excitement in the air before she got ill. The Germans really had come. The incredible had happened. They were in Paris. They had come, and the Leroux and every one else, it seemed, had fled, forgetting all about the English girl *au pair*, sick upstairs behind the curtain supposed to prevent the germs marching. The Pissots had just remembered her long enough to hurry upstairs and rob her before they left. Now she was alone in a city occupied by the enemy, without money, without friends, speaking no French worth mentioning.

It wasn't exactly a heartening outlook. At least she had the house to live in meantime, the house and a princely store of food. Meryl had helped madame with her store cupboard and been amazed at the amount of stuff hidden up there. She locked the door and shot the bolts home. It wouldn't be very pleasant, alone there at night, but anyway, she had a breathing space, in which she might think of something to do. She could stay quiet for a little while, until she saw what was going to happen. There was no reason why any one should come looking in what, to all intents and purposes, was an empty house. (*Continued on page 58*)

Charming!

of course!

but you don't queue up for

Kayser 7-size Underwear

You know — and patriotically accept — the reasons why there must be a shortage of Kayser until the war is won. That is why you will want to buy Kayser 7-size Underwear unselfishly. So please register for Kayser with your draper. Leave your name and address and the size and shade of the garment you would like. Then everyone will get her fair share as supplies come through.

PRINCESS SLIPS *Sculptured to the shape of your figure. Graceful from uplift top to swinging hem.*

		Bust	
K.7	Rayon Satin	32", 34", 36" ...	8/11
		38", 40" ...	9/11
K.C.7	Rayon Crêpe	42", 44" ..	11/6

FRENCH KNICKERS *Sensibly cut but fascinatingly flared.*

		Waist	
F.K.4	Rayon Satin -	25", 27", 30", 33"	5/9
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Help which conditions prevent today might be given by WILL to the Hospital for Sick Children, Gt. Ormond Street, W.C.1. £1,000 names a cot 'In Memoriam.' £300,000 is needed to pay debt on New Hospital, and nearly £1,500 weekly for wartime maintenance.

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Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair —that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

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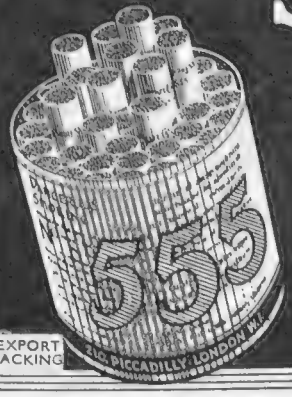

Smokers who desire the best cigarettes naturally ask for STATE EXPRESS 555. This well-merited confidence is due to the perfection of quality which has been maintained by the manufacturers of STATE EXPRESS 555 cigarettes for over half a century.

For those who appreciate the finer things of life

She turned to go upstairs, but stopped short, clapping her hand to her mouth to keep back the scream that rose there. Huddled on the floor at the foot of the staircase was a man.

She stood as far from him as possible, her hands pressed against the wall, staring at him. He must have come in, or been thrown in, while she was out. Certainly he hadn't been there before. She had searched every room. The minutes went by, gurgled out by the grandfather clock on the turn of the stairs. He did not move. Growing bolder, she went over and knelt beside him.

He was so like Dickie she nearly cried. The same golden hair growing off a wide forehead. The same straight eyebrows and chiselled nose. Only he was older than Dickie had been, and she realised, very ill. He wasn't wounded. She knew by the clothing he wore that he had, somehow, escaped from one of the hospitals. Perhaps risking his life to do so, rather than be captured by the enemy.

Obviously he was a refugee like herself. Probably the wind had blown the door ajar while she was out, and he, seeing it, had taken the first refuge that offered. She raised his head and he coughed, and she heard the hoarse rattle of his breathing that told its own tale—pneumonia. Hadn't Madame Leroux said that all Paris was down with it?

She had had pneumonia herself as a child at school. She remembered what they had done to her. There was no question of getting him upstairs. He was a tall man, broad and heavy. She made up the divan in madame's little boudoir. It was a small comfortable room, with a french window into the garden. Already she planned ahead. When he is better, I can move him out there to get fresh air. The garden was in a little courtyard, not overlooked. When he was better . . . he *had* to get better. Everything else now paled before the importance of that.

SHE lit the stove, carrying coal up from the coal cellar by the shovelful. The pail was too heavy for her. She found hot water bottles to warm the bed, and undressed him and rolled him in a blanket. She made a rough and ready pneumonia jacket, cutting it from one of madame's blankets, sewing it up with great stitches. How she got him into the bed she never knew. The room turned black about her, and she thought she was going to faint.

Silly, for, of course, she had eaten nothing all day save that stale *brioche* and cup of coffee. When she had covered him up, and heard he was breathing more comfortably she went to the store room.

It was no great matter to break it open with the coal hammer. When the devil drives, the unlikeliest citizens burglar. Inside there was an Aladdin's cave of nourishment. Stacks of tinned milk. Pyramids of canned goods. Biscuits. Flour. Wine. One could live on it for a year. Tea in a vast canister. Flour in a bin. A sack full of coffee. Obviously the Leroux had prepared for a siege, not a rout. Surely, thought Meryl, it would have been wiser to remain here, and reap the fruits of so much thrift and forethought, rather than fly wherever they had flown. The French, thought Meryl pityingly, are so excitable!

She opened a tin of sardines, and forced herself to eat some, with a handful of dry biscuits. She made some hot coffee. Then she set to work, and remembered what they had fed her on when she had pneumonia.

He was obviously very ill. He tossed about, now burning with fever, now shivering with cold. Once she half thought of ringing up Dr. Lamare. He was a nice old man who often came to inspect Mademoiselle Leroux's painful bunion. He had always been very polite, and seemed rather sorry for the English girl *au pair*—and no wonder. She stared at the receiver, wondering whether she dared, and in the end left it. Her call might attract attention to the house, might bring someone she did not want. She must nurse him herself, doing her best. And if he died . . .

She turned away from the thought. He must not die.

Now the sick-room had quite a professional look, with a white covered table, medicine bottles from madame's cupboard upstairs and a thermometer which she had found nestling amongst many bottles of laxatives, all with the most encouraging pictures of rich fruits on them.

He was so like Dickie. Perhaps it was that which endeared him to her from the start. He might have been Dickie given back to her from the grave. She couldn't leave him. She dragged a mattress downstairs and made herself up a bed on the floor, beside him. Once he cried out in his sleep, and she was at his side in an instant, wide awake.

The fever had fallen suddenly, and he was shivering, icy cold. The stove was out, the kettle lukewarm, and dawn was chilly and grey at the chink of the curtain. She hesitated for a moment, and then slipped her arms about him, holding him close to her, sharing her young warmth with him, till the chattering of his teeth stopped, and he fell asleep.

HE must have awakened before she did, for she saw him looking at her with wondering eyes. The queer things that happen to people in a war. He smiled, and traced her features weakly with one finger. He was better. She remembered that in pneumonia, it all depended on whether you got past a crisis. If you got past that, you lived. Maybe he had had his, in the night when he cried out, shivering.

He was better. She knew he was better. She held him propped up against her like a child, feeding him tinned milk and hot water out of a cup.

Once he tried to speak, but it brought on the coughing again, and she put her hand over his mouth, shaking her head. He smiled and shook his. He would be good, the look in his blue eyes said. He would do whatever she told him. Only don't leave me, said his eyes and the hands that clung to hers.

Was it ten days or a fortnight, they lived in this curious isolated intimacy. She never knew. Sometimes she talked to him in her halting French, but she could not understand his replies, until, growing stronger, he found a French conversation book in the bookcase. Mademoiselle Yvonne had steered an uneasy course through it from two to three every afternoon before Meryl got ill, and departing, had jettisoned it.

After that, with the aid of a pencil, they got on well enough. They would hold the book between them, and pick out the words they wanted, making sentences. They lived together in the self-contained flat of the first floor, the rest of the big splendid house given over to dust and spiders.

"Are you an angel?" he asked her. She shook her head, smiling, and he spelled out, grave again: "It is I who came from the heavens."

He was an airman, even as Dickie had been. It only endeared him to her a little more. He had crashed, and been in the hospital, and then, she could not quite make out why, he had run away, and come to this house. Presently she would understand, when they knew each other better.

It was a strange cloistered life. The war and the rest of the world seemed far away, and all that mattered was this quiet room, the long summer evenings when they sat in the little strip of garden where purple iris flowered, and heliotrope and pink geranium. Sometimes Meryl wondered, if the Leroux came back suddenly, whatever they would say. Surely they would be grateful to her for saving the life of one of their countrymen, for she had saved his life.

"What is your name?" she asked him. Her French went as far as that. His name, he said, was Dion. He repeated hers to himself, softly—Meryl.

He was well enough now to help her with easy chores. He stood in the kitchen, his huge figure dwarfing it, a dishcloth pinned round his middle, and helped her wash up. She had made him some soup for dinner. The washing up water was greasy with it, as she struggled with the business of cleaning the pan. And suddenly he took both her hands and kissed them, and took the pan away and cleaned it himself, getting breathless with the effort of lifting it. He knelt down beside her, and put both his arms about her, hiding his face in her breast.

Then she faced the fact that she loved him. He was Dickie come back to her. The long summer days, the slow twilights became a delight. Their eyes said things to one another now, that needed the help of no book. The French reader lay abandoned on a side table, accumulating dust.

One day, when it rained and they could not go into the little paved garden, they explored the house. He clung to her, pulling himself slowly upstairs, laughing at his own shakings. The salon was dustier and more airless than ever. He stood, his huge figure reflected in the mirrors with their trimmings of golden cupids and ribbon scrolls, and gave a sudden cry of delight.

He had seen the piano.

Madame had sometimes played a short grim tune or two there, on Sunday afternoons. Mademoiselle Yvonne had sung ballads, in a voice sadly like a distressed hen. Never had the airless salon heard music such as it heard now.

Dion sat, his head thrown back, and played, it seemed without thought or effort. The room was filled with the rippling beauty of the "Liebestraum." Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" made a silvery picture in the gloom. Surely he was some famous musician she thought. Curled up in a corner of the brocade couch, she watched him. How wonderful it would be, taking him back home with her, introducing him to her father. Perhaps they would not approve of her marrying a Frenchman, but when they knew him, their objections would go.

She crossed the room, and stood, too moved for words, her arms about him. He turned his face to hers, and their lips met in a long lovers' kiss.

Out of sorrow, she thought, delight. Out of bitterness and despair, this lovely thing. Somehow or other they would escape to England. The British troops could not be far off. They would go at night. She must begin to think about it and make a plan. He would leave it to her, she knew. He did not care, as long as they went together.

IT was time he had fresh food to eat, if he was to regain his strength. That, in the end, brought matters to a head. She decided to go out and try to find how the land lay. She would wear Madame Pissot's old shawl and Pissot's oldest beret, which she had found in the boiler room. So dressed, she would be unworthy of any attention, just a peasant girl.

She went next day while he slept. Otherwise she knew he would not have let her. She bent over him and kissed him softly, and he murmured in his sleep, and put out his hand, feeling for her.

Ten francs was all she had, but she could get him some fresh fruit, and cheese and butter with that. She slipped into the street. There was never a soul in sight. She remembered the little provision shop kept by her friend the gendarme. If only it was open, she would be able to get, not only food, but news, and assistance.

Her heart in her throat, she pushed open the door and went in. If strangers were there she could always run out again pretending she had made a mistake. The old smell met her, of sprats in oil, green vegetables, cheese and cider. Behind the counter, scared as she was, peering out to see who was coming, stood her old friend the gendarme of other days. He was shorn of all his glory now. He wore only a singlet, dirty and stained with sweat. His Mephistopheles moustaches had lost all their spirit and pride.

When he saw her, he gave a cry. Before she knew what was happening, he was weeping on her shoulder.

"Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle. But you should not be out. It is dangerous. Only the other day, my

(*Continued on page* 60)

"YOU ought to be driving in the WAAF!"

The W.A.A.F. is expanding by leaps and bounds—in step with the R.A.F. Hundreds of women drivers are wanted—this month, this week—TO-DAY!

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young brother had gone out, meaning no harm, and—but no. I will not tell it . . ." He covered his face with his hands. "Take what you will. Food—wine. All I have. Keep your money. Of what use is it now, in *la pauvre France*, this money. Mademoiselle, never have I thought to see this day. I am not French. I say it to you. From now I am Anglais . . ."

He wept.

"But you must get out. With all speed you must get out. The rats of Paris have taken charge, mademoiselle. No one is safe. But listen to me, now. You must go. I shall arrange it. Listen carefully.'"

"You will come too——"

"Presently I shall come. It must be one by one, you understand, not a whole lot at once, or they will begin to notice it. I have a friend with a lorry. He drives now for them, the city rubbish must go out whether or no. He will take you. Outside the city, you must hide, going only by night till you come in with friends. There are many English soldiers here still. Perhaps not too far away."

"Will he take a Frenchman also, who has been very ill. An airman. I can't leave him. You must persuade him to take both of us."

He nodded. It could be arranged.

"In England, they get together again an army. It is good that the young men should go. The glory of France, it is not dead. One day it shall awake again."

She said: "You must wait for perhaps a day, perhaps two. He has been very ill, my friend. He must get strength, first, for a long walk. Then we will come."

Meryl hurried back, her basket full of food pressed on her by the gendarme. They could escape together. It was quite easy. With the aid of the French conversation book she would make Dion understand what they must do. Her heart beat in her throat thickly, with pleasure at the thought of seeing him again—with terror, lest anything should have happened to him in her absence.

HE was just waking, having slept the entire time. He undid her shawl and pulled the beret from her hair, whispering: "Méchante, méchante . . ." She kissed him, rubbing her cheek against his, laughing now that they were together again. They unpacked the basket, like two children, and she showed him what she had brought. A large piece of cheese, some milk, vegetables and bones to make soup. He rubbed his hands, pretending excitement like a child.

She went down to the kitchen and lit the fire. He stood over her, stretching himself, his face still flushed with sleep. He looked so much better. She regarded him proudly over the saucepan. Laughing she flicked a duster at him.

"Go," she said in her bad French. "Go, until I make the supper. Go and play, *joue!*"

She pointed to the salon upstairs.

He kissed her and went, laughing. She busied herself setting the table with the rough check tablecloth used in other days by the Pissots, and all the time her head was busy with the plan to get out of Paris. To-morrow they would go along to the little shop after dark. Then Dion himself could discuss it all with the friendly gendarme.

The soup boiled and bubbled in the pot, filling the kitchen with its savoury odour. She listened, presently, for sounds of music He could keep himself happy for hours on end, playing the piano.

To-day he must have found something else to amuse him up there, for all was silent. Presently she took off the apron she wore to work in, and went to see what he was doing.

He was kneeling, his face lit and excited, before an ebony and mother-of-pearl cabinet in a corner. The doors were open, and Meryl saw what she had never noticed before, that it contained a wireless set. He was turning the knobs this way and that, at random, not understanding how it worked, finding his way about. Broken snatches of music filled the room and were cut short. She stood watching him, happy because he was so happy, wishing she had found this toy for him before.

"Ah!" he said. He had got something at last. Meryl listened, and realised what it was he had got. A voice was speaking. A voice only too familiar in its rising cadences of frenzy, its hurled crescendos, that was broken frequently by a flood of hoarse cheers.

She put her hands over her ears, laughing, shaking her head. At home in the doctor's house they always laughed at him, and hastily switched off.

"Non, non, non," she said, catching at Dion's arm.

She stopped short, for she saw his face. He was crying, tears running unashamed down his cheeks. He had forgotten her standing there beside him. He had forgotten his illness, and their dawning love—and their plight. He clicked his heels together. His arm shot out in the salute that to this day Meryl always regarded as semi-comic.

"Heil," he cried, his voice broken with emotion. "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!"

She shrank from him, turning sick and cold. German! He was a German. One of the very kind who had shot Dickie down. She pressed her hand to her mouth. Dion did not see her. He was standing in front of the wireless, drinking in every word that burst from it.

She turned and fled. She did not wait even to get her own coat. She took the old grey woollen shawl, the dirty beret, and ran out of the house, sobbing. Through the gathering twilight she ran to the little shop in the side street, battering on the door madly, till the gendarme appeared.

"You come now? It is good, for my friend is here, and he knows where they are, the English soldiers. To-night he will take you. But your friend?"

She shook her head.

"He is dead, mademoiselle?"

She nodded, speechless. After all it was true enough. To her he was dead.

The friend with the lorry stood looking on

"This invasion, it spoils everything," he said. "It kills our hearts."

END

When We Build It Up Again

(*Continued from page* 35)

and more delicate and were perhaps at their very best.

When the self-consciousness and artificiality of the early Renaissance building had passed, and the cult of the Greek and Roman had been moulded slowly into a more English and a more practical form, we arrive at a phase wherein the best buildings of all time in Britain are seen. These are known as the Queen Anne and Georgian styles.

There is strength and elegance, simplicity and delicate proportioning allied to usefulness in these houses. The obsession for ornamentation at all costs was modified, and only the best features of a frenzied era of decoration were retained. The new architecture sunk itself into the English scene. It was England and history.

As for modern architecture, some may think that, as in Tudor times, utility has again gained precedence over decoration only in this case with less effect. One may dislike it or admire it, but in either case it is obvious that, before the present war, we were witnessing a transitional phase in architecture.

Stark simplicity, health and hygiene, comfort and ease of maintenance have taken the initiative from form and decoration. These features have come to stay. Nobody can think otherwise, but whether or not they will remain in their original form or what may arise out of the future we can only imagine. We must succeed in combining the superb traditions of the elegant past with the comfort and utility of the practical present.

Books

(*Continued from page 28*)

our lives, growing out of all proportion and having effects long after they should have been forgotten. Good characterisation.

Back with a thud again to the eminently practical in "Five and Ten" (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.), which the cover describes as "the fabulous life of F. W. Woolworth." Surely fabulous is exactly the wrong word to use of such an accurate biography? However, this is good reading, telling the story of the founding and growth of the dime stores and giving amazing figures of their sales and turnover. As so often happens, behind a great idea is someone never known to the public and in this case it was a go-ahead salesman named Bannett, who, having run a sale of handkerchiefs at five cents each, disappears from the story, leaving young Frank Woolworth filled with the idea that cheap stores had a big future. Three out of his first five ventures failed, but obviously nothing could daunt this farmer's son when he was convinced he was right, and so the tale develops, with hard work, attention to detail, and a flair for picking executives bringing their due and vast reward. This is easy to read and John K. Winkler has made it human to the last degree.

From civilised industry to uncivilised laziness, in other words the natives of the Congo, whom W. E. Davis describes with such a wealth of detail in "Congo Doctor" (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.). Only when dealing with the lovable natives and with the magnificence and fascination of the jungle does Mr. Davis get real feeling into this book, but perhaps he repressed emotion to make more room for facts and description, which abound. For ten years he worked among the natives, performing hundreds of operations a year in the crudest surroundings and travelling his district with loving care. He debunks some old stories about the equatorial tropics. The ants may be more ubiquitous than ever but for ages he never wore a sun helmet nor did his children; he saw few snakes and only three natives bitten by crocodiles. This is a mine of interesting information.

THE time is ripe for Douglas Jerrold's book, "Britain and Europe 1900-1940" (Collins, 7s. 6d.). The author deals with our foreign diplomacy during those forty years, reaching its peak in 1913, and since 1918 horribly shaming. He takes no sides, which must have been difficult, but the story he unfolds is sufficient. It is brilliantly clear and conveniently brief. I recommend every one to read this summary, especially in these days when foreign diplomacy is such a public affair, and yet not one in a thousand of the public still know anything about the countries we may be negotiating with, or of the principles behind our so-called policies.

Phyllis Bottome has lived for many years on the Continent, and also in America; she is British and has a ready pen. Her latest book, "Formidable to Tyrants" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), primarily explains the people of these islands to the United States, but it also goes far in explaining us to ourselves. Woven in with such subjects as a skilful portrait of Liverpool, visits to London air raid shelters, tours of factories and snap visits to country houses are slices of criticism and dollops of praise. Her psychology and insight into character I rate higher than her descriptive powers, though the chapter "A Private Citizen in the Midlands" is outstanding. This must make powerful, though not obvious, propaganda and it will do you no harm to read about yourself.

And finally, since every list must have an end, comes "Ragged Robin" (Collins, 8s.) by Philip Hughes, a story on a familiar theme but with novel situations. The fight between a rich and well-bred young lady, and the Cockney-bred girl for the hand of the hero is all-in and nothing barred. There are plenty of amusing characters and Sally cannot help making life into one long adventure, whether on or off the stage. I give this as light entertainment for the masses, but wish that I'd *liked* Sally and wanted her to win.

END

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Holiday at Home

(*Continued from page* 33)

On a short holiday it should only be necessary, in the food line, to buy bread, milk and fresh vegetables. If you are thinking of hiring a camping punt or a canoe, apply early. There is a rush to the river this year.

You can be a nomad no longer. Petrol restrictions do not permit. But you can, if you are lucky, hire a caravan on site and live in it for your holiday, or get it moved a short distance to a camping field. Caravanning is a good holiday for those who, normally, have no housekeeping to do. It is rather like playing house as one did as a child. Site should be near to water, or a farm or house, where tap water is available.

But let us say that you have come down to the bare bones of a holiday; that you must stay put in your town home or flat. What then? "There's lots of sweetness in the scrapings off a bone," said a young friend with whom I was discussing this situation. She wasn't worrying. "I like my own bed," she said, "and if Hitler will allow me, I propose to enjoy it during my holiday." Here is her plan for a week's holiday in town.

"I shall lay in a stock of books and fill the place with flowers. My kitchen cupboard and tiny refrigerator have already got some delicacies that I have collected from time to time waiting for my holiday. A change of food is a real holiday for me. I have also got a little hoard of creams and beauty things ready for my leisure hours. I shall be with friends when I want to be, and if I feel like being alone—how often one does on a holiday—I shall be alone.

"Instead of my woman coming in twice a week, she is going to come in every morning and bring me my breakfast in bed. Breakfast in bed . . ." Her eyes went dreamy. "And it won't be brought up until I call. On the first morning of my holiday, I shall stay in bed all morning; maybe I shall sleep. Maybe I shall do my nails and face. Maybe I shall read, or maybe I shall just drowse.

"I shall have a light late luncheon, using some of my delicacies. I shall walk round the shops, looking and, maybe, buying a little without the rush of my office days. I shall dress and go to the theatre with a friend. We shall have dinner afterwards somewhere, and so home to bed.

"Second day, I shall get up earlier. Mrs. Cox will cut me sandwiches and fix my thermos with coffee. I shall take a train out of town, at a time when the business hour rush is over, and spend a not too strenuous day walking in the country. Tea and supper will be with friends at their cottage. And so back to London and, I hope, a quiet night.

"*Third day.* At the open-air baths at Ken Wood or somewhere other easily get-at-able. Back to dress in my best for a cocktail party—not much liquor, but plenty of gay hobnobbery—then dinner and the theatre.

"*Fourth day.* In the morning, I shall give my hair and body a beauty treatment. An interesting luncheon date with the boy-friend, followed by a cinema and thé dansant. If he can raise the petrol we shall go out to the country for dinner.

"*Fifth day.* Up really early. A hearty breakfast, and a longish hike in the country. This will be split up, so that I shall not get too tired, by a nap out of doors after a picnic lunch. Back to dine leisurely with friends.

"*Sixth day.* Swimming and reading. Cinema. Friends to supper. I like cooking and I intend to go all out to show what I can do in wartime.

"*Seventh and last day* (Sunday). As usual, to my canteen duties. Home in the early afternoon. Bath, change. With the boy-friend to the officers' Sunday club. A very good dinner. And that's my holiday at home."

Bare bones, did she say?

END

Friends of Food Production

(*Continued from page* 15)

birds to help in this way are the tits—particularly the blue-tit and its larger relative, the great-tit. A pair of the former reared a family in a wooden nesting-box hung in my garden, and fed their young on an average of forty-five times an hour from dawn till sunset. Each time the food consisted of aphis and other garden pests. Truly a wonderful record!

Swallows, house-martins and swifts are also good friends of the agriculturist. Their good work among such plant pests as crane-flies, blow-flies and aphides alone, entitle them to the esteem of the farmer, gardener and fruit-grower alike. Similarly, warblers, wagtails, tree-creepers and woodpeckers must be regarded as the friends of food production. The food of these birds is almost entirely insectivorous and the services they render in their wholesale destruction of cock-chafers, ghost moths, turnip and cabbage moths, weevils, beetles and ants speak loudly for their usefulness to farmer and gardener and to all interested in improving the nation's food situation.

Few birds, however, no matter whether they slay the rodent tribe or wage war on the insect throng, have more commendable features than the lapwing. Great service is done to food production by this bird, for it destroys snails, slugs, wireworms and beetles by the million, and also consumes enormous quantities of the larvae of these pests which so devastatingly play upon the roots of grass, turnips, cabbages and cereals. In addition to this useful service, however, the lapwing assists the farmer and sheep-rearer in another way: the bird eats water-snails that harbour the immature form of the liver fluke which causes liver-rot in sheep. It is estimated that the lives of thousands of sheep are saved annually by lapwings!

During the last war a bird's life was far from being a happy one. People were convicted of giving stale bread to them to keep their peckers up. Then came the severe winter of 1916–17 when nearly three-quarters of our insect-hunting birds died. The result was that about one-third of the expected produce from the great 1917 ploughing campaign was destroyed by insects.

So next time you see these furred and feathered friends of food production, don't shoot; don't throw a brick. Raise your hat and wish your allies good hunting.

END

Renovation

(*Continued from page* 40)

they lose all shapeliness. There are many things you must carry but old letters and out-of-date receipts are not among them. Keep things down to a minimum and give your bag a break. You can never be well groomed with a shapeless handbag and it helps your morale to know that it is clean and neat inside.

Clean leather handbags with Meltonian white cream. Do it especially after they have been exposed to the rain. Use the rubber brush on suede bags and steam them occasionally as with shoes.

Replace the clean lining, put on a bright bouquet, a gay, fluttering veil, a piece of coloured chiffon with the ends hanging through at one side or at the back.

Lastex foundations and girdles need special care in laundering. Wash the foundation in lukewarm soap suds, right side out. Press soap flakes into specially dirty parts but do not rub the two surfaces together, and do not soak the garment. Squeeze it gently.

Never rub soap direct into the fabric. Rinse in several waters and lay it flat on a towel to absorb surplus moisture. Dry without direct heat and do not iron. The first wearing will straighten out the fabric.

END

Silk Sweater

(*Continued from page 42*)

SHAPE THE INSTEP

1st needle.—Pick up and k. 18 sts. down left side of heel strip. Slip last 11 sts. of heel strip on to this needle (29 sts.).

2nd needle.—K. across the 36 front sts.

3rd needle.—Pick up and k. 18 sts. up right side of heel strip, knitting remaining 11 sts. of heel strip on to this needle (29 sts.).

Continue in rounds of plain knitting, dec. 1 st. each end of 1st needle and 1 st. at the beg. of 3rd needle on every round until 68 sts. remain altogether. Continue on these sts. for 4 ins. without shaping, ending on 1st needle.

SHAPE THE TOE

Sl. 1 st. from 2nd needle on to 3rd needle and k. 1 st. from 2nd needle on to 1st needle. Then continue as follows :—

1st round.—Dec. 1 st. at each end of 2nd needle, 1 st. at the beg. of 3rd needle and 1 st. at end of 1st needle.

2nd round.—Work without shaping. Rep. these 2 rounds until 28 sts. remain altogether. Break off silk, cast off and seam neatly.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly and carefully on the wrong side of the work with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams of shirt, sew in sleeves. Sew underwrap and front strap to front opening. Sew on neckband, leaving a space at the top of right front for third buttonhole. Sew collar to neckband. Sew on buttons.

Swimming Bras and Pants

(*Continued from page 43*)

THE FRONT

Work as back until there are 160 sts. Do not work the 20 rows but work 30 sts., cast off 11, work 39. Leave other 80 on holder until later. Work on these 39 sts. and k. 2 tog. at edge nearest casting off on every row until there are no sts. left. Return to other 30 sts. and cast off 4 sts. nearest centre. Cast off 11 sts. on every other row until there are no sts. left.

Work to correspond at other side, having 30 sts. at outside edge, cast off 11 next and 39 sts. near centre. Sew up side seams. Pick up 110 sts. round each leg and work st.st. for 8 rows. Cast off very loosely, using a larger needle.

THE GUSSET

Cast on 2 sts. Work st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 32 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are no sts. left.

TO MAKE UP

Sew in gusset, putting points between straight edges at centre. Hem legs and waist, putting elastic into each. Make four belt slots on 14 sts., working all k. for 4 rows. Sew these to waist.

Have You Lost Your Verve ?

(*Continued from page 30*)

worry. Bemax, if to over-working. Glucose D for sleeplessness. Phosferine for nerve trouble.

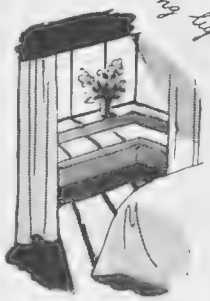
As for new interests. Supposing you are one of those women whose homes have been broken up by the war, remember that at least half the women in England are like you. If you have had to send away your children, there are swarms of other women's children to be looked after; there are those big children, the soldiers, in canteens. There are knitting societies, fire watching clubs, first aid parties. It is hard these days to be solitary. Strangers speak to each other wherever they foregather. True, you can still be lonely in a crowd, for the one voice, the one hand that holds special meaning for you. But when there is so much common hardship, flowing sympathy and courage around, there can only be one way of living for us all if we want to feel the pulse of life in us quicken and re-bound, that is to embrace the high privilege of work, and give, give, give in help to others.

Do you face the morning with a Smile ?

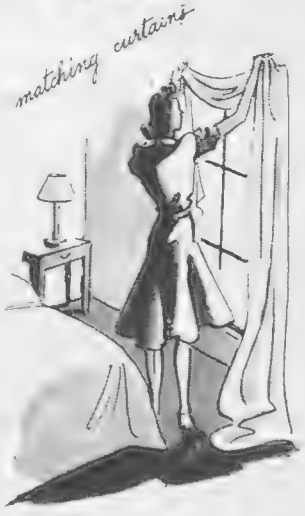
Shafts of sparkling morning sunlight stream through your bedroom window and have an immediate response in your outlook to the world. Your heart lightens as quickly as the golden beams form dappled patterns on the walls.

No less do pleasant surroundings — soft colours and graceful furnishings — have *their* effect on your early morning mood.

It is wise, then, to choose your bedroom furnishings with exquisite care. They must soothe; they must stimulate in turn. Vantona "Court" Bedcovers help immeasurably at moderate cost towards this end, possessing as they do, that quality of gaiety and delicate liveliness, together with an air of breeding which brings beauty to any room in which they dwell.



Don't forget, too, an extra matching bedcover makes the most attractive curtains, to complete the room, its unusual width saving the trouble of centre joins and the difficulty of matching the design.



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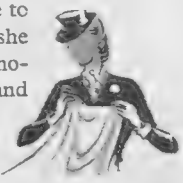

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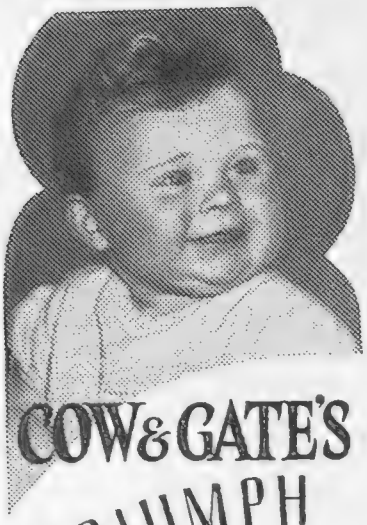

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'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

The Unknown Boche

(*Continued from page 20*)

"Oh yes, of course," I said, "come into the surgery." I gave him a chair and a smoke. "Well, what do you make of it?"

"I don't know what to make of it, sir," he said, frowning.

"Any idea how long it had been there?" I asked.

"Pretty fair idea. One of the road men was taking a load of gravel out of the pit yesterday afternoon and he didn't see it. And you found it about twelve-ten to-day."

"That's funny," I said.

"Funnier than you think, doctor," Ridge replied.

"How's that?"

"There wasn't a raid anywhere in the country last night. Our people have been through to London to check it. It was blowing very hard you'll remember. They say there was a machine over these parts about midnight. They can't be sure except that it wasn't one of ours, but that looks like where our chap came from. And he wasn't baling out because he had to, he was dropped deliberately. Now what do you make of that, doctor?"

I said: "The unknown Boche," almost unconsciously.

He nodded. "That's about the size of it. Tell you the truth I never had much faith in that yarn until now. I put it down as one of the scares; we get hundreds of them, though they're taking it seriously up in London. The Super was telling me the War Office and the Special Branch have been on to him once or twice about it. We've got to do something and I thought you might give me a bit of help."

"Me?" I queried.

"Yes, doctor. You've lived here longer than most of them; what is it—twenty years?"

"Twenty-two," I put in.

"And you know, I suppose, pretty well everybody round about?"

"Pretty well."

"Then can you suggest anybody? You can be quite frank with me, sir; it'll go no further; and the Super said I could speak frankly to you—and it would go no further."

"Of course, I'll give you all the help I can," I said, "but——" I shrugged my shoulders.

"Have a look at this, sir," Ridge said, producing a long typewritten list of names, and as I looked down it I saw that it seemed to be of every one, gentle and simple, who lived in Wavenheath.

"Good lord," I said, still scanning the list, "this your idea?"

"Yes, sir. At least Mr. Theberton gave me the idea," he admitted. "The process of elimination Mr. Theberton called it. Put 'em all down, strike off the certainties, then work on the others."

"That's what these figures mean, I suppose?" I had been wondering what the 1, 2 or X against each name meant.

"You're right, sir. Win, lose or draw, like the football pools."

Naturally, my eyes went at once to my own name. It had a 1 against it.

"One, I hope means win or safe," I laughed.

"That's right. Two, lose or possible, X, don't know," Ridge said with a grin. "Now how would you mark the list?"

"Wait a minute; you'll have to give me a little time to think this over," I responded. "It's not a pleasant task you know, Ridge."

"It's not a pleasant business for any of us," he said.

I accepted his mild reproof.

"You're right, Ridge," I said. "I'll—Hallo, what have you got against Mr. Giles?" I had noticed a 2 against Giles's name.

"Nothing, sir, except where he lives and that he's a newcomer. You'll find lots like that. Mr. Theberton, for instance, and——"

I broke in on him in amazement. "Why, damn it all, you've got Colonel Eleigh marked suspect. That's absurd." For Eleigh was one of the few people I had in my own mind counted absolutely sound.

"I agree, sir, in my mind that is," Ridge said in an odd tone. "But I've got to start from scratch, so to speak, and I've marked a lot of the newcomers like that."

It struck me then that there was something in Ridge's manner that implied he knew a bit more about Colonel Eleigh than he was telling, and the idea upset me.

I said: "I think you'd better leave this with me for an hour or two. I don't want to make hasty judgments. But I'll tell you here and now I don't know of any one in the place I could believe capable of treachery."

"Thank you, doctor; that would be very helpful," Ridge said without argument. He got up. "I've got one or two things to do. Could I look in about half past ten? You'd be alone then I expect if I was to ring your surgery bell."

"Yes, that will do," I answered, and he went with a pleasant "Good evening" and left me to one of the most hateful tasks I have had in my life.

But I tackled it, though I found it an even harder job than I thought. That diabolical mistrust of my fellow man had worked more mischief in my mind than I suspected.

Anyhow, he seemed satisfied and grateful when I handed over the list to him later that night.

I said: "Ridge, this is only a matter of opinion and as you'll see I've marked most of them with an X. That means I don't know enough about them. Those I've marked safe, I'd swear to. For the rest I've gone largely on their opportunity."

"I'm sure you're right, sir," Ridge said. But I wasn't sure he meant it.

THE next day, the story of the parachute was all over the village. Heaven knows how it got about; from the roadman probably. It was a wildly garbled story, never told twice in the same form, and, curiously enough, my name was not associated with it.

I heard it first at breakfast. My wife said: "Ethel"—that's our cook—"has heard some rumour from the postman about another German coming down in a parachute. She says they saw him running away on Daneshill Common." She hesitated. "You don't imagine there could be anything in that unknown German story?"

"Of course not," I said. "You ought to know by now how these rumours run."

"Still, I've sometimes wondered," she went on.

I changed the subject.

Later in the morning I ran into Colonel Eleigh. He was full of it.

"A damned ugly business," he said shaking his head when he had told me his version. "But the point is who is it? That's what I want to know. You haven't any suspicions, I suppose?"

"No. None. And I don't believe the theory," I said, though for the first time, and I hated myself for the thought, I began to wonder if Eleigh were not just a little too eager in his manner.

"Well, the police do," he said rather tartly. "I hear they've had a detective making inquiries about certain people."

"Who?" I asked bluntly.

Eleigh shook his head again.

"If you haven't heard I'm not going to mention any names." There was a definitely provocative note in his voice. I lied.

"First I've heard of it," I said.

"You can take it from me it's so," he responded. "Thebbie was right. There is an unknown Boche. Beastly idea, isn't it?"

"Very," I said, and we dropped the subject.

And so it went on. You were for ever conscious of people in corners talking furtively, or being asked seemingly innocent questions about your neighbours.

The poison was working in everybody, and the women and the villagers were the worst. The women made outrageous implications; the villagers had agreed among themselves

that Theberton was the man. That I knew was merely because he had started the unknown Boche story and our country people never forgive and seldom forget. Even the rector came in for suspicion, and I daresay I did, too.

But very soon the village view became general. Theberton was the scapegoat. Again and again I heard it hinted, sometimes openly stated, and it made me angry; the more so perhaps because that damned poison was working in me too, I had often wondered about Theberton.

He had the ideal house for such a job: he was in a way a bit of a mystery man. But I assumed the police had looked up his record, and as the rumours grew I found myself championing him for one can't help sympathising with the under dog.

People began to avoid the Thebertons, and Thebbie stopped coming to the golf club.

Eleigh commented on it when I saw him at the club just after Christmas.

"A damned shame," he called it, adding, "it's time some of us made a gesture. If I were Thebbie I'd take action."

I agreed, for I was heartily sick of the whole business.

"Yes, someone ought to make a gesture to show these gossiping old cats what we think of 'em," he went on after a moment. "Tell you what, I'll ask him and that daughter of his to come in for a scratch meal to-morrow night if you and your missus could come, too. Think you could manage it?"

"I think so," I said and I was glad Eleigh had made the suggestion.

"Good: we can have a rubber afterwards. Thebbie plays a damned good hand. I've got a young friend coming down for a night or two. Young Jack Forton, connexion of my wife's. Plays a damned good hand, too. The women can chatter while we play."

I imagined that the women's chatter with Joan Theberton might be a little acid, but I didn't say so. My wife agreed.

"It will end in trouble," she said. "Still if you feel we ought to go, I'll sacrifice myself." It did end in trouble; but not the sort she had anticipated.

As a matter of fact the evening started remarkably smoothly despite the fact that Joan Theberton turned up without her father. He had picked up a chill she explained and she had left him in bed with a temperature.

"I'll have to get you to come and have a look at him in the morning if he isn't better," she said to me, and I told her she was wise to make him go to bed.

After that she was a complete surprise to all of us. She dropped her highbrow, domineering manner and behaved like a human being.

She was well dressed, too, in a more feminine style than she usually adopted, and I realised for the first time that Joan Theberton was a good-looking woman. She was, what? In the early thirties perhaps, with brown hair, rather mannish features, and dark, serious eyes full of expression.

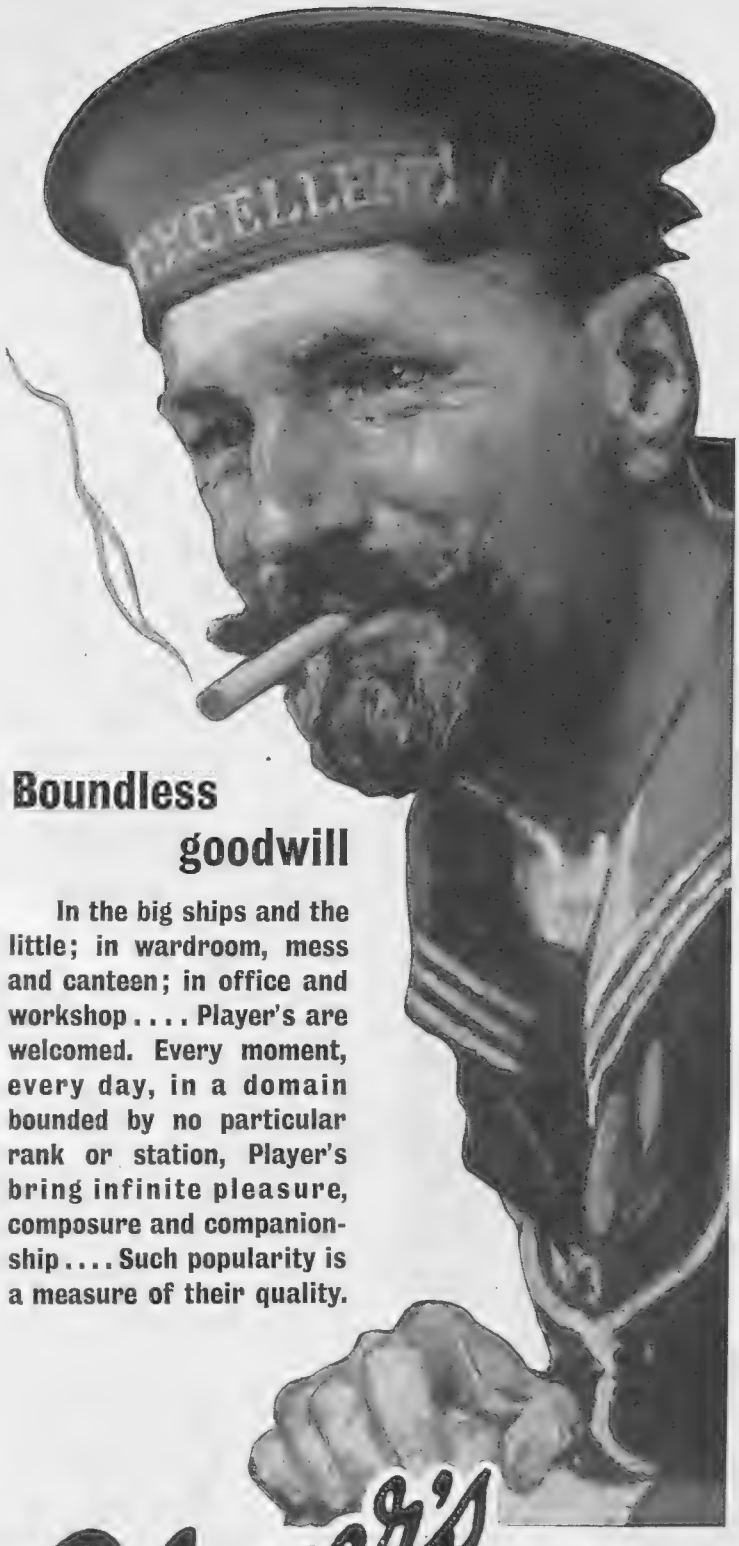
She held the table. She talked kitchens to the women and restaurants to the men, and she knew them both. She said pretty things to Mrs. Eleigh about her food—and it was a devilish good dinner for war-time—and intelligent things to Eleigh about his wine. We never drew near the subject of the unknown Boche: in fact I don't think we mentioned the war.

Young Forton, Eleigh's visitor, fell for her before the meal was over. He was a queer, long-nosed fellow with an engaging, infectious laugh. A simple sort of soul, probably older than he looked. Eleigh did not mention what his job was, but I judged from odd things he said that he was in one of the war ministries.

He called Eleigh "Gallant Colonel" in a jesting way that seemed to amuse the old boy, and when the women left us to the port, the first thing Forton said was:

"I like that young woman, Gallant Colonel. I thought you said she was a bitter-tongued wench."

"So she is usually," Eleigh replied. "It must be your charm. (*Continued on page* 66)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that's worked the change. Don't you agree, doctor?"

I said, "I've never known her so tame. It must be," and Forton gave one of his schoolboy-like laughs. But as he did so I saw him glance in a curious way at Eleigh. Just a swift lifting of the eyes and the faintest flicker of some mutual understanding in them. It was really the most trivial of incidents yet it gave me a very definite sense of uneasiness.

We started talking and I tried to forget it. Still the unknown Boche was never mentioned, though Eleigh was telling some reminiscences of the last war when he was with the Army of Occupation at Cologne, and I learned for the first time that he spoke German fluently.

Forton told us that he was just starting to learn that language—I speak it, too—and he made us laugh with some of his ridiculous mistakes, though he was quite serious in his efforts to frame simple phrases.

We heard some distant gun-fire when we went to join the women in the drawing-room, and Eleigh went outside to see if he could see anything doing, but he said it seemed a long way off.

Soon after we settled down to bridge he was called to the telephone, and when he came back, once more I had that queer sense of uneasiness, for there was no doubt about it, again his eyes met Forton's, and some form of message passed between them. It took my mind off the game, and I played badly. Joan Theberton was my partner, and she chipped me about it. About a quarter of an hour later the telephone rang again and I'll swear both Eleigh and Forton were expecting it.

But it was for me this time. A message from my house from the Fenthorpe police asking me to go to a motor smash at Handsaw Bridge four miles away.

I cleared off at once—Eleigh said he'd see my wife safely home—and when I got outside the trouble began. My car wouldn't start. When at last I got her going I ran into a brute of a mist on the heathland beyond the village, and the engine was running thoroughly badly.

At Handsaw Bridge there was real fog, and a motor cycle and an army lorry in a deuce of a mess by the roadside. The cyclist was in a really bad way and the lorry driver had smashed an arm, and I imagined some ribs, too. I did what I could while I waited for the ambulance from Chipping Langham, and the Fenthorpe constable told me the fog was worse inland. I asked him about the raid, but he said he hadn't heard of any incidents, and the ambulance came at last, with the Langham police surgeon, and when I started on the way home my troubles grew worse.

My engine spluttered and coughed and a couple of miles from Wavenheath stopped altogether. There was nothing for it but to leave the car. I managed to push her off the road on to the heath and started to walk.

I wasn't keen on leaving the car out all night, and it occurred to me, as I trudged along, that if I could get hold of a telephone I could ring our local garage and get her towed in at once. The nearest telephone I could think of would be either Theberton's or the policeman's. I decided not to worry Thebbie: the odds were Joan wouldn't be home yet and I knew he was in bed with a chill, so I struck across the heath for Ridge's house, which is on the other road.

Now I thought I knew that country like the back of my hand. I was making for a cart track that comes out within a few yards of the bobbie's. But the mist was thicker than I had realised, and after about ten minutes I found I was lost. But I kept going and after a bit, out of the mist a hut loomed up.

I knew in a few seconds, then, where I was, and I had swung well out of my course. It was the biggish thatched hut by the tenth tee at the farthest end of the golf course; the place you run to for shelter if you get caught by a heavy shower. I swore, for this meant I'd put fully a quarter of an hour on to my journey. I quickened my pace, then, just as I was coming up to the hut I stopped

abruptly for—whether I sensed it or heard it, I can't say—I was suddenly aware of movement and, I thought, of someone talking inside the place.

My reactions were odd; first an instinctive alarm, then curiosity and quick on top of that the unknown Boche flashed into my mind. I dropped, wormed my way through the sodden grass and heather and crawled forward. Inside that hut someone was humming softly. I was able to distinguish the tune, the all-pervading "There'll Always be an England." I crept nearer.

The door was open. I saw the glow of a cigarette and got a whiff of Turkish tobacco. Theberton always smokes Turkish tobacco. I was sickened.

It's one thing to suspect a man, feeling in your heart that your suspicions must be wrong. It's another suddenly to realise that they weren't, and that a man you've known and liked and exchanged drinks with is that foulest thing on God's earth, a traitor.

Then Theberton spoke: in German.

"Who is there?" he asked softly.

I tried not even to breathe.

He began to hum that damned tune again, and I could hear the swish of his feet in the heather. Then the damp got into my throat and try as I would I could not check a cough. That did it. I scrambled to my feet and tried to make a bolt for it.

I didn't know then that Theberton was an old rugger blue and had played for England in his time. He had me down almost before I was up, and I heard his voice in my ear saying, in an even merciless way: "I am armed, and if you shout out or struggle I shall shoot you."

I got to my feet once more, trying to bluster.

"What the hell does this outrage mean?" I demanded. "Who——" But he cut me short.

"Good God! It's the doctor," he said slowly.

He flashed a torch in my face for a second and muttered "Good God!" once more, and I said:

"Yes. And I know you. You're Theberton, and if this is a practical joke it's a damned poor one."

He answered: "I'm afraid it's no practical joke, doctor—unfortunately. I must ask you to go into the hut. And don't forget I've got you covered."

I had to obey. But once I was inside my temper got the better of me. For he asked me in a peremptory way. "Will you kindly explain what you're doing here?"

"What I'm doing!" I retorted. "What the hell are you doing here? According to your daughter you were in bed with a bad chill."

"It became necessary for me to get up," he answered coolly, and repeated his question.

"I'm on my way to Ridge's house, if you want to know," I said, knowing as I spoke it was a damn fool thing to say.

"You will have to delay your visit," he said.

"Why?" I was growing more and more angry.

"Because it would be inconvenient."

"For you, most: I imagine," I retorted.

"Most," he agreed.

"You intend to keep me here by force?"

"I'm afraid I do. I am a special constable, you know."

I snorted. But I was cooling down a bit then and beginning to appreciate exactly the seriousness of my position.

"Very well," I said icily. "I can't resist."

Theberton said nothing for a few moments. Then, in a more friendly way, "It might save you a lot of trouble, doctor, if you would answer my question," he said. "What brought you here tonight? I'll be quite frank with you. If you're the man you appear to be you haven't got an earthly chance to get away." He hesitated a moment. "If you're the man I hope to God you are, we can clear the whole business up in a few minutes."

"Who do I appear to be, as you put it?" I demanded.

"The unknown Boche," he said, bluntly.

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Keep your voice down," he ordered.

I laughed sarcastically. "That's funny: that's damned funny," I said. "From you, too."

"Oh!" he responded, slowly. "Of course; how dull of me. That's what's in your mind, is it?"

"What's in my mind?"

"You thought I was that unpleasant fellow."

"Well?" I said.

"No, no, doctor, I'm not. As a matter of fact I'm waiting here to meet him. It's a little trap we set—and you've walked into it—and you won't explain why. It makes it difficult and unpleasant for me."

I didn't believe him, but I told him about the call to Handsaw Bridge, and while I was talking I heard faintly from outside someone whistling "There'll Always be an England."

Theberton shut me up.

"Quiet," he said sharply.

He opened the door and began humming the tune. I heard him ask again, in German: "Who is there?" And I heard a reply in the same tongue, though I could not actually catch the words.

Theberton closed the door and indistinctly the sound of voices came to me from beyond it. Then Theberton returned.

At least I thought it was he until he spoke; then I gasped for it was young Forton speaking.

"I'm sorry this has happened, doctor," he said. "It was one of those million to one chances that will come off sometimes, and it put my father-in-law in rather a hole. He thinks I'd better do the explaining."

"Your father-in-law!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Mr. Theberton. You see I'm an old pupil of his and Joan's husband."

"Good lord!" I said, slowly. "So that was the jest—I mean at dinner tonight—you and Eleigh——"

"I couldn't very well explain about Joan then," he put in. "But I'd better introduce myself properly."

He flashed on a torch and I saw his hand go to his pocket. A moment later the light shone on a police warrant card. Young Forton, whom I had taken for a rather simple soul, was a detective inspector of Metropolitan Police.

"I'm in the Special Branch," he explained, "and I'm working with Colonel Eleigh and my father-in-law in this business. The immediate point is this: Is it absolutely necessary for you to go back to your house at once; professionally, I mean?"

"No, not a bit."

"Good. Then I'm going to ask you to wait here. You might be able to help us. You certainly might embarrass us if you went on to the constable's."

"Of course I'll stay," I said, "but do for heaven's sake tell me something."

"Well, there isn't much more to tell you," he answered. "Mr. Theberton's told you we've set a trap to catch a traitor, and you walked into it. Happily I was able to corroborate your statement about the accident call."

"But your trap, I mean. And Eleigh and Thebbie. Who are they? What have they been doing?" I wanted to ask a score of questions at once.

Young Forton laughed.

"Oh that—it's a longish story—but briefly, Colonel Eleigh and my father-in-law worked together in intelligence at the War Office in the last war. Thebbie"—he dropped into our name for him—"is an absolute wizard at ciphers and codes. So is Joan for that matter. And between them they've been doing some rather superior unofficial work down here. And—well—this is the result, and you very nearly dished it. Joan and Thebbie have been tapping a secret wireless station for weeks and they got the code at last—with a bit of outside help."

He went on to explain how this station, which called itself "Free Denmark," came on the air infrequently and very weakly. It put out the English war news and Danish music, folk songs mostly, ending with some popular English song of the moment. They had had the thing (*Continued on page* 68)

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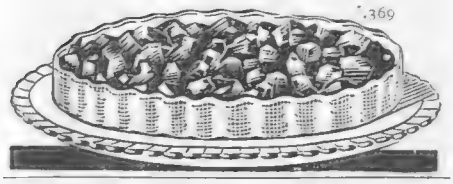

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traced and found it was working from the Dutch coast, and Thebbie, by cunning analysis had got hold of its code.

It didn't mean much at first, but he suspected it sent messages to enemy agents in this country, and the final English tune was a sort of password. Then something that fellow Fritz Meyer, the German ace who had been captured near us, was overheard to say when he was back in his prison camp, gave them the clue. "Free Denmark" was sending out warnings to agents to look out for parachute spies. Thebbie believed he had worked out the code message for our part of the country, and then he and Eleigh had put up their great scheme.

It was a grand one. The B.B.C. had arranged to have a fake "Free Denmark" programme put out from somewhere early that evening containing a code message devised by Thebbie, warning the enemy agent in our neighbourhood to be on the look-out from eleven o'clock onward. More, the gun-fire we had heard was arranged, too, to make it appear that a Boche machine was over us.

"And now," Forton said, "we're waiting to see if our little scheme will come off. Of course it mayn't——"

"You mean that if it does, the fellow will come to this hut?" I put in excitedly.

"That's what we hope."

"But—but why this hut?"

"We got that from Meyer's chatter. You see he knew this place well: he'd often played golf here." I began to understand as I realised the number of foreigners who had played golf at Wavenheath before the war. The Boche was indeed thorough. He'd been making his plans for years.

"And we imagine the spies they drop round here will know the district as well as Meyer did," Forton went on, "and the man we're looking for will come here to meet him."

"Do you suspect anybody?" I asked, sharply.

"Unfortunately, yes," Forton said.

Thebbie put his head in at the door and said: "Just on time," and Forton left me with my brain reeling with wild surmise. I went over again and again all my suspects. It was a grim thought that soon, quite soon now, I might know the answer. Unless something went wrong.

Then the drama began. Thebbie came in, leaving the door open, and whispered, "Quiet, doctor, I think there is someone coming."

Outside I could see Forton silhouetted against the night sky. After a moment I heard someone whistling softly: "There'll Always be an England."

I could hear the swish of feet in the heather, and I've never felt so excited in my life. The whistling stopped and after a few moments Forton said, with a distinct touch of German accent, "Good evening."

I strained my ears for the reply, and when I heard it I could have sworn in exasperation, for Ridge, the constable, had blundered into the trap and obviously he didn't know anything about it, for he said:

"Who are *you*? And what are you doing here, my lad?"

I heard a queer sort of half sigh from Theberton as Ridge spoke, and I guessed his disappointment. But the next moment I had forgotten that, for Forton went on blandly.

"Oh, just waiting for a friend," then he broke into German, something about having received the message safely.

Ridge said: "Talk English: I don't understand much of that, and let's get inside. Where'd you land?"

And then I knew.

Forton answered calmly: "About two kilometres away."

"Got rid of the 'chute?"

The Unknown Boche

"That's all burnt up by now."

"Now look here: you've got to get away from here quick. They oughtn't to have sent you. I reported there was trouble about. They're suspicious. There's an old colonel round here who's getting too interested——"

They had entered the hut and I heard Theberton move for the door. So did Ridge, for he stopped suddenly with a sharp "What's that?" and he snapped on his lamp.

Forton's torch went on at the same moment, and I saw an automatic in his hand.

"The game's up, Ridge," he said, quietly. "Better not make any trouble. I'm Forton of the Special Branch: you've heard about me, I think."

Ridge made no answer, but in his face I saw a look of abject terror, the like of which I never want to see again.

EILEIGH filled in some of the gaps for me an hour later. I had gone on there to take the news and wait for Thebbie who had driven Forton and Ridge to Langham police station.

"Eleigh, how in God's name did they manage to get at an apparently decent man like Ridge?" I asked helplessly. It's horrible, it's incredible."

Eleigh shrugged his shoulders.

"Most of 'em are apparently decent till you catch 'em out," he said.

"But what made you suspect him?"

"That was Joan Theberton's brainwave." He pushed the whisky decanter across to me. "Thebbie told you about that Danish station they'd been listening to?"

"Yes," I said, helping myself to another drink.

"Joan's musical; I'm not," he smiled. "She overheard Ridge's wife humming a tune and recognised it as something—a Danish folk song she called it—that that station had been playing a day or so before. And—a damned clever girl, Joan—as she worked it out it wasn't the sort of tune a country policeman's wife was likely to know, unless she's been listening in to the station."

Eleigh went on. "She worked it out, too, that Ridge was not likely to have the sort of expensive wireless set to pick up that station—unless there was a reason for it. So she made opportunity to go and look, and found he had. Then we got Mrs. Ridge's antecedents chased up."

"Is she German?" I asked.

"No. Irish. But she'd been working in a big house near Langham until a couple of years ago when Ridge married her. She was housemaid, the cook was an Austrian refugee, or said she was. So we chased her up. That's where the poison came from. They knew something about her history up in town. She was a spy all right, though they couldn't prove it. She was interned early on. That was sufficient. Forton did the rest."

"What did he find out?" I queried.

"Lots. Among it that Ridge's wife and the Austrian cook were great friends, and Mrs. Ridge has got a banking account in her maiden name with about seven hundred quid in it. Our trouble is we won't realise how damned thorough the Boche is. He's been making his plans for years, and he's been working through the women, and the women have worked the men. That's Thebbie's theory anyhow."

The telephone bell rang and Eleigh got up to answer the call. He was talking for a couple of minutes. When he came back:

"And Thebbie was right," he said. "They've just arrested Mrs. Ridge. She's confessed."

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page 29*)

On Duty

correctly, you will escape most war fatigue no matter how hard you may be working.

I found one of the most efficient and reasonable of beauty treatment departments. It is run by a woman who knows her job from A to Z. Her name is Baroness Firks, and she manages the beauty department at Peter Jones. In these "blitzy" days one never knows how long a department will be in existence, but anyway, when I saw it, it was very much all there. The prices charged may have had to be put up slightly by now, but

Cuticura
BRAND
OINTMENT
for Baby's delicate skin
For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.
Of all Chemists and Stores.
200

as given me they were fantastically low for wartime: Cleanse and make-up, 2s.; face massage, 5s.; facial massage, neck, shoulders, with mask, 10s. 6d., and with the back treatment added, 17s. 6d. So you can imagine how popular this department is with women in the Services. The preparations used are called "Jonell," and they have been specially prepared for Baroness Firks, by a doctor. A pleasantly light liquefying cleansing cream, nicely perfumed, is 6s. 6d. for a 2-oz. jar. A light honeysuckle skin food, particularly popular with women from thirty to forty-five, is 8s. 6d., and they have a skin food called "Juvenessa," which apparently works wonders with elderly complexions, also costing 8s. 6d. for a 2-oz. jar. This is a very rich type of cream. I was also much attracted by their cleansing milk, which is soft, white and velvety, smelling most deliciously of almonds, and priced 5s. 6d. The tonic, which is the same price, smells faintly of eau-de-Cologne, and is most refreshing.

Off Duty

blouses which you can wear either with long or short skirts. Helen Jeffers is showing a really charming collection of blouses, both day and evening models. She has introduced Nottingham lace shirts for evening wear and they are cut low in the front like evening dresses and run with the narrowest of baby ribbons. A white lace shirt with a square front décolleté is run with baby black satin ribbon and a black lace blouse of much the same cut is run with emerald green ribbon. The sleeves of both these models are short and finished with little ribbons. A lovely white chiffon blouse with long full bishop's sleeves and elegantly draped front has great wide gold sequin epaulettes; and a tailored white chiffon shirt with a small Peter Pan collar has three gold sequin bands across the front. They make long or short skirts of moiré silk here topped with a corselet waist band and if you like you can order a bolero to complete the suit.

END

Private Life of Uncle Sam

(*Continued from page* 11)

conference at the White House when suspicion spread that his lease-and-lend bill, with its vast grant of powers to the President, forecast a reversion to the old dictatorial spirit and method. The Republican leader of the lower house asked the President what the aims of the bill were. "The aim is to help the British to whip Hitler," said Roosevelt. He added that he was willing to accept any amendments provided the Congress gave him sufficient authority for that purpose. This response won him support of the opposition leaders in both houses. The Congress got his bill through for him, and every one was pleased—except the isolationists.

WENDELL WILLKIE declares that Roosevelt is heading America into bankruptcy and collapse. But by his domestic policies of attacks on the profit motive and budget deficits alone. On the war-against-the-totalitarians issue, Willkie is ahead of Roosevelt. This means a lot, seeing that Willkie last year captured the imagination of the Republican mass, was adopted as presidential candidate over the heads of the old-guard leaders, like Hoover, Taft, Landon, and won twenty-two million votes, nearly beating Roosevelt to the White House.

How does Willkie, a pure-blooded German, who, according to Nazi theory, ought to be made-to-pattern for the American Quisling role, get this way? The Willckes, his grandparents, were German democrats, who fled to America after the failure of the German revolution of '48. The feeling about Prussians of their big-bodied, robust, picturesque descendant is such that the day America entered the first world war, young Wendell left his father's law firm, and cycled sixty miles to enlist. A (*Continued on page* 70)

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 1 to 6 inches
Increased my own Height to 6ft. 3½ins.
ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS
Fee £2 2s. Complete. Details 6d. stamp.
MALCOLM ROSS BM/Hyte, London, W.C.1 Height Specialist.

WHY WOMEN SHOULDN'T TAKE JUST ANY LAXATIVE

It's natural enough. A woman is made differently from a man. When it comes to a thing like a laxative she needs one which is gentle in its action and one which in addition to washing away waste matters will act as a tonic for her liver as well.

Fortunately there is one laxative which serves this double purpose. It's called Karmoid and it has the two-fold action every woman needs. Karmoid's first effect is gently to clear away all impurities and wastes without any purging or griping. Then it tones up and stimulates the liver to play its essential part in your well-being.

The result is really extraordinary. If you take just one little, pleasant-tasting Karmoid tablet to-night, you'll feel absolutely grand in the morning. Your depression will go, your energy increase. You'll be fitter for your work. Even your cares and worries will seem less important. Karmoid tablets are sold by all good Chemists. Only 1/5d. a box. Family size 3/5d. Get some before you forget.

FOOD PROBLEMS?
LET OXO HELP YOU

★ *This is the second of a series of recipes which show you how to make meals appetizing and nourishing these days.*

KITCHEN HINT No. 2
SAVOURY POTATOES
(3-4 Servings)

2 OXO cubes
3 cups sliced raw potatoes
1 tablespoonful dripping
1 pint boiling water
2 tablespoonfuls diced bacon
1 tablespoonful flour
Salt and pepper to taste

Cook the bacon in a saucepan until the fat runs freely. Add the dripping and flour, and when slightly brown stir in the OXO dissolved in the boiling water. Add potatoes. Cover, and cook for 10 minutes, then season to taste with salt and pepper and simmer until the potatoes are soft.

★ Watch for No. 3 in this Kitchen Hint Series

OXO

AN ESSENTIAL HOUSEHOLD STORE

WOMEN 40-50 NEED NEVER SUFFER DURING 'THE CHANGE'

Centuries-old fallacies now known to be medically unsound

Of no condition or ailment in the world has more nonsense been talked than of "The Change." Few people understood it fully, and the knowledge handed down from mother to daughter was always erroneous, and, more often than not, frightening, so that women approaching forty looked upon these years with intense fear and dread.

There is, however, nothing mysterious or unnatural in "The Change." Pain and suffering at this time of life are caused by the system—if left alone—not being able to adapt itself to the altering conditions of the glandular balance. Ordinary medicines and tonics cannot help much, for they are unable to speed up readjustment. You must have a medicine that is specially compounded to restore the upset glandular balance to normal, and thus relieve **SUDDEN HOT FLUSHES, NERVES, INSOMNIA, TIREDNESS, GIDDINESS, PALPITATION, "CHANGE" HEADACHES, EAR NOISES,** etc. This specific and complete medicine of "The Change" is Menopax—the most up-to-date specialist's treatment that will see you safely and serenely over the most difficult and dangerous period of a woman's life.

MENOPAX

Relieves all symptoms of "The Change"

and is daily prescribed by hundreds of specialists all over the world.

Menopax brand tablets are obtainable in three sizes—2/6, 5/- and 10/-, plus purchase tax, from all chemists. (If your chemist is out of stock, he will obtain Menopax for you within a few hours.)

An interesting book, **"The Crisis in a Woman's Life,"** written by a prominent gynaecologist, explains fully why suffering is so intense at this time of life. This book may be taken **FREE** from most chemists' counters, or will be sent for 5d. in stamps direct by **CLINICAL PRODUCTS LTD., 2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey.**

HEALTHY GAINS for

YOUR BABY

Deep, peaceful, unbroken sleep is vital to infant growth. When baby is cross, fretful, sleepless, those weekly ounces of gain do not appear on the scales. Mother, take care! Look to baby's digestion.

The minute you see baby feverish, constipated, suffering with wind, just give a little 'Milk of Magnesia'. Soon comes pleasant relief. 'Milk of Magnesia' safely and surely sweetens the sour little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, soothes and calms baby. And with sourness and sickness gone, with bowel movements regular, you are overjoyed to see restful, healthy sleep again. Baby makes those steady gains in weight that are the delight of every Mother.

Doctors and Nurses everywhere recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe, ideal antacid and gentle laxative for babies. Be careful, Mother, remember to ask for 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. Prices, 1/5 and 2/10, (*including Purchase Tax*). You can get it everywhere

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Tangee NATURAL, the wonder lipstick that changes on your lips to the one natural shade that's yours alone. Unique — discreet — incomparable.
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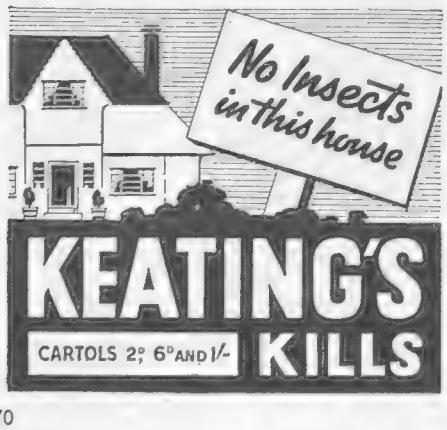

Private Life of Uncle Sam

rifle wasn't big enough for him. He went to France as an artilleryist.

His father and mother were both lawyers. His grandmother was a Presbyterian preacher. An aunt was a doctor. His lawyer father made a fortune, but lost it in the panic of '93, and so Wendell, one of a family of four sons and two daughters, had to work his way through college. From representing electricity interests as a lawyer, he took over the great Commonwealth and Southern chain as president. This was in 1933, when the industry, thanks to its Insulls, was at lowest ebb, the object of popular and political attack. In six years, he halved the company's rates, and doubled its sales of current and quadrupled its sales of equipment. He was his own best salesman, spending a third of the year on the road, avoiding the mistakes of the old-type American big-business man who, as he rises, becomes progressively more and more out of touch with the public.

A sixty-nine-year-old Tennessean, Cordell Hull, heads the foreign office which Uncle Sam prefers to call his State Department. His father was a farmer-woodsman, and Cordell was born, one of five sons, in a mountain log cabin. His is another Lincoln story. He studied, swung an axe in the woods, rafted logs, was called to the bar at twenty, and elected to the Legislature at twenty-one. Then he went to the Spanish-American war, emerged a captain, and became a circuit judge. His people sent him to Congress, and then to the Senate where he was nicknamed "Old H'ar, thar and ev'rywhar," his mountain man's way of referring to the world.

He devoted himself to the tariff question the world must be saved by lowering the tariff walls which here, there and everywhere, were steadily rising, blocking world exchange of goods and services, heading the world into poverty, and war. Washington correspondents avoided the white-haired, brown-eyed Senator, with his look of infinite patience and suffering; both they, and the Senators, agreed that he was worse than the club bore with only one story in his repertoire. But when Roosevelt, Cabinet-making, demanded above all "a fine idealism" in the State Department, the choice narrowed to Hull. Hull protested that he couldn't afford the social side, and he hated entertaining anyway: but Roosevelt got over that by instructing his aides to find a man to handle the social side, and so Hull got as Assistant Secretary the well-to-do, impressive professional diplomat, Sumner Welles, who made that "what-chances-of-calling-this-war-off?" tour of the belligerents in the first phase, and of whom Ray Moley, the brilliant economist, and Roosevelt's one-time closest aide, said "he carries himself as though he were perpetually balancing his family tree on the tip of his nose" (Moley himself is more in the home-spun, melting-pot American tradition, his father having been a bare-back rider in a French circus).

Some say in Washington now that Hull is getting old, and confused, and doesn't know half what's going on in his department. But he's an enduring man, and patient. He has one good qualification for his job: he is a good poker-player. In his twenties, he was reckoned the best poker-player in the Fourth Tennessee Infantry. He is a simple, unassuming man, whose card is inscribed merely: "Cordell Hull." But there is an underlying strength, clear-headedness, and resolution in him, which has enabled him to survive, while lesser men, who mistook his gentleness for weakness, have proved only "morning glories" of the Roosevelt New Deal. He is the first U.S. Secretary of State who has declined to "go grand." The Hulls live, and informally entertain, in a seven-room hotel suite, with kitchenette. They have no butler, and no footman: only one maid, a middle-aged Tennessee Negress.

Stimson and Knox are the only two members of Roosevelt's cabinet who wore uniform in the first world war. Both are Republicans. Roosevelt needed two such men in his struggle to get public opinion into line in the big issue of America's role in the war

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Kolynos, the password to whiter and brighter teeth, renders a service to the Services—and to you too!
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A TREAT for lovers of REAL COFFEE

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of the democracies against the totalitarians. Reproached for "deserting to the enemy" just before the Republic Party's national convention to nominate a candidate to stand against Roosevelt for the Presidency last year, Frank Knox retorted: "I am an American first, and a Republican afterwards."

Harold Stimson, a quiet-mannered lawyer-politician of wide experience, has charge of the army department, now in the throes of expanding from a strength of 1,300,000 to 2,600,000, with complete re-equipment excelling in armour, speed, weaponing, and co-operating aircraft, the Nazi land war machine. This army of Uncle Sam's may be 4,000,000 strong—as large as Hitler's—before peace falls on the world again. On the mechanical side, in number and quality of warplanes and armoured vehicles and guns, it will almost certainly excel even the superb Nazi war machine.

Stimson had Cordell Hull's job as Secretary of State in the pre-Roosevelt administration, and was held to be very pro-British because he took a British Friday-to-Monday week-end. In fact, he couldn't work more than four days in Washington in hot weather without flagging (the only criticism against him now is that his health keeps him down to an eight-hour day). He would clean up his desk Friday, and then go off and work over papers and spring up the steps of the State Department Monday, and start shooting. One Monday he got back late but full of vigour, dashed up to his office, and loosed off a full chamber at the Soviet Ambassador. A little matter of a provocative situation, of which he had been apprised before leaving the office Friday. The Soviet emissary blandly replied that the Secretary seemed misinformed. Such a situation did not exist. Stimson made inquiry, and found the ambassador was right. Anticipating Stimson's reaction, the Washington emissary had hastily cabled his government, and got things changed before the Secretary got back. After that, Stimson always went through his Monday papers before shooting.

Stimson's brain-truster is the Army Chief-of-Staff, General George G. Marshall, a tall, rugged-faced soldier of sixty, whose lips protrude beyond his chin, and whose high brow bulges above sunk, keen, over-hung eyes. Marshall, a kindly, modest, very brainy professional, has been impressing his superiors ever since, as an infantry lieutenant, he took hold of some manœuvres in the Philippines, and so dazed the C.-in-C., that the latter called all his officers, and exhibited the blushing George to them as one who would prove to be "America's greatest military genius since Stonewall Jackson."

Going to the war in France in 1917 as a captain on the staff of the First Division, he was refused to another general, who wanted to borrow and promote him, because "Marshall *is* the First Division." His chief feat during Armageddon Number One was to move a million American soldiers, with 4,000 guns, 40,000 tons of ammunition, 93,000 horses, 34 hospitals, and etceteras, from the St. Mihiel battlefield, to their new positions for the Meuse-Argonne offensive, in fourteen days, without a hitch, and so neatly that no enemy aviator spotted the movement, and the Germans were taken completely by surprise. It was one of the outstanding staff achievements of the whole war.

Frank Knox, the beefy and boisterous one hundred per cent American publisher-politician who sits in the Secretary's office in the long, low rambling Navy department across the way from army headquarters, was a rough-rider with Teddy Roosevelt in the Cuban War. Forty-three when America entered the first world war, he immediately enlisted as a private, and got to France with a divisional ammunition train. He emerged a major, and went back to work as a newspaper editor and publisher.

His first connexion with the newspaper business was on the delivery side. A grocer's son, he made two rounds a day, one before and one after school, earning nine shillings a week. His route thereafter was reporter, editor, publisher. Hearst once paid him £30,000 a year to manage his newspaper properties: but (*Continued on page 72*)

Women in Action

Women certainly are very much in action. Freedom of movement—a woman can't carry on without it these strenuous days. So much depends upon the foundation garment; the wise woman looks for the Gripknit label because that means Gripknit elastic webbing is incorporated in the corsets—webbing that is patented and guaranteed. Style in comfort, ease support just where it's needed—these are assured by Gripknit—and Gripknit won't pucker or form ridges—no, every strand of Gripknit's real rubber is doubly covered and securely anchored. Another thing: laundering won't dull Gripknit's silken lustre nor rob it of its resilience.

See that your Corsets are fashioned with

GRIPKNIT
ELASTIC

Look for the woven GRIPKNIT label

a GOOD TIME COMING

Smith "Sectric" Clocks are munitions of war today . . . helping the Government to "plug into Greenwich time," earning foreign currency by being exported. So please accept our apologies if your Jeweller or Electrician cannot supply you right away.

SMITH SECTRIC
CLOCKS
plug in to Greenwich time
NO WINDING - NO REGULATING

Please mention "Britannia & Eve" —our advertisers would like to know you!

THE FUNCTION OF ADVERTISING IN WAR-TIME

INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OF GOODWILL

IT is known to be a matter of some concern among business men that while they are engaged on war production, or alternatively, they are unable to maintain their peace-time output of goods in public demand while the war is on, that priceless asset, built up over a long period or years, their goodwill, is liable to dissolve. ¶ In an article just issued by the Advertising Association, the question: "Is there a case for advertising when the activities of industries not regarded as essential in time of war have been restricted?" is fully answered. ¶ This reasoned exposition of the function of advertising in the present circumstances explains the wisdom of keeping the memory of the public green by keeping it informed of a firm's present activities, or else of its difficulties, so that it will be in a position when the war is over to ride on the crest of the wave of public purchasing power that will be released.

Copies of this article can be obtained from The Secretary,

THE ADVERTISING ASSOCIATION, 110 FLEET STREET, E.C.4

Knox soon quit, preferring to own and run his own papers.

Roosevelt put him into the navy department to get a move on in that department, which seemed bogged down under the great two-ocean expansion programme. Knox, putting an efficiency expert to find out the cause of delays, hired an extra 2,200 clerks, ordered all officials from admirals down to clear their desks before leaving at night, and stepped up the shipbuilding yards from a five-day, forty-hour week, to a six-day, forty-eight hour week, with three shifts instead of one. Starting at the top, with Admiral Richardson, Commander of the Pacific Fleet (which command carries nominal command also of Uncle Sam's other two fleets, the Atlantic and Asiatic), whom he exchanged for the younger and more aggressive Admiral Kimmel, Knox worked the age of admirals down until the average was the lowest on record.

He is himself sixty-seven, but his doctor has given him an arterial age of forty-two, and he still does his army exercises, a strenuous fifteen minutes daily before breakfast.

A ribald American last time I was in Washington spoke to me of Morgenthau and Jesse Jones as "Nervo and Knox," two knock-about comedians whom we saw in a revue on his last visit to London. I won't explain the joke, except to indicate that Henry Morgenthau ("Henny Penny" to Roosevelt) is in charge of the Treasury, and Jesse Jones in the chief of the New Deal raiders of the Treasury.

Jones, a white-haired Texan giant, head of thirteen federal financial agencies and supervisor of several more, has lent £2,500,000,000 since he began to function as head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, his loans ranging from £40,000,000 to finance a 242-mile-long Californian aqueduct, to £30 to a barber for a new chair. He is authorised to write government cheques up to £500,000,000, and—with the President's approval—may use £200,000,000 to go into any business he deems essential for national defence. He is the man who finances expansion of plants for war production, building of quarters for defence workers, accumulation of reserve stocks of strategic raw materials, equipment for aircraft plants built with British capital.

Starting young himself in the land of opportunity, he built himself a line of credit by borrowing from his local bank various modest sums, from £100 to £250, which he did not need, and after a period repaying the money without using it. Consequently, when he wanted £2,000 to buy some cheap timber, and the bank manager baulked, saying it was too much and he was too young, Jones protested that he had always repaid previous loans: and he got his money. In ten years, he ran the £2,000 into £200,000. He went on from there, borrowing, using the money in enterprise of all kinds, repaying it along with the interest—and pocketing the handsome profit.

Morgenthau is a very different sort of man, a shrewd Jewish aristocrat, of the Reading type, who was absorbed in scientific farming on his Hudson estate when Roosevelt called him in to run the Treasury for the New Deal team, busy then taking money control away from Wall Street. He is noticeably greyer than when he arrived in Washington; but most of the grey came during his three years' struggle to get the French, British, Belgians, Dutch and Swiss, all in with America on a money stabilisation plan to substitute for the dead gold standard. With the French unable to make up their minds whether they wanted to be communist or capitalist, and the British Government always missing week-ends, and the British Chancellor of the Exchequer shocked at the idea of talking money business with Washington on the trans-atlantic phone, it was a hard time for Morgenthau.

He has a remarkable foreign service, which at times functions better than the regular Secret Service. At the height of the money struggle, when his man in Paris could

not contact the Finance Minister of the day, who was being evasive, Morgenthau found qut what the French Government was secretly up to. One of his Paris agents kept tap on the mistress of an influential politician who always knew the Cabinet finance secrets, and acted on them. The agent found that the lady had taken a certain speculative position in the franc that day. He phoned the news, Morgenthau put two and two together, and found it made four. Later, the Paris representative reported that the French were much surprised to find Washington had so accurately divined and anticipated a decision before actually it had been taken at a full Cabinet meeting. "Tell them we usually know when it is in the bag," chuckled Morgenthau.

The Big Two in the Production Office which handles all the defence and war supplies, from raw materials to finished tanks, guns, planes, and ships, are a Dane who migrated at twenty-one and began as a reamer in a shipyard, and a Lithuanian Jew born in a Tsarist ghetto, who arrived in America via Manchester—where he stayed a few months in a clerk's job—and rose in the Hebrew needle trades until he became the large-salaried president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

They make an odd contrast. Big Bill Knudsen is a big, forthright man who used to argue with his fists until, made superintendent in his factory, his immediate superior reminded him that, although he could beat any four men in a straight fight, there were 2,000 in the plant, and he wouldn't whip the lot. Then he turned over a new leaf.

Afterwards, Ford gave him £10,000 a year to handle the production end of his car plant. He quit one day, went over to General Motors for the same money, and in three years was mass-producing a cheap car which outsold Ford. Henry had to close his plant for a while, while he re-tooled, scrapped his famous and supposedly immortal Model T, and got out a new model to meet the Knudsen competition. General Motors made Knudsen its vice-president and gave him five assembly lines instead of one; and he took a salary and bonus one year of over £60,000.

Wielding a pair of cutting scissors in a tailor's shop is the nearest Sidney Hillman ever got to manual labour; and he admits he wasn't good at that. He is a professional reformer and organiser, a jowly, guttural, knowing man who owes much to his ability to talk the same language as the social reformers and earnest "good government" men (the "goo-goos," whose ace man is Harry Hopkins) who were influential "outs" in the pre-Rooseveltian era, and are powerful "ins" since the New Deal group has ruled the roost at Washington.

Labour is only one factor in industry, says Hillman. The employers heartily concur. Hillman signs them up by the score, usually over dinner in the house of a socially prominent well-wisher. One, whom he converted to collective bargaining, publicly stated his opinion that Hillman ranks "second only to the Carpenter of Galilee." If you ask a tailor member of his union—which has a very low standard—you may not find him so enthusiastic. Other labour leaders' views of Mr. Hillman, the labour moderate, may be gauged from the fact that when he was appointed labour representative on the Production Management Board, William Green, veteran leader of the American Federation of Labour, and John L. Lewis, spectacular leader of the rival C.I.O., bitter and implacable enemies, for the first time recorded a common opinion. It was, however, couched in the vernacular of the coal-mining fraternity, to which both belong, and is unprintable. But Hillman gets along with Knudsen, and is as energetically anti-Nazi as any Bevin.

If you dropped in a net and dragged out all the people in America who are anti-war and anti-interventionist, for one reason or another, you would spill out an astonishing catch: pacifists, communists, fascists, big-business moguls, hundred and one per cent Americans, hired propagandists, Germans who claim that America belongs to them, and folks who are (*Continued on page 74*)

Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhœa, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax). Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

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FREE SPECIAL MARKING PEN *with every Bottle,* LINEN STRETCHER *with every 1/- Bottle.*

Of all Stationers, Stores and Chemists or 1/- Bottle including Metallic Pen and Nickel Linen Stretcher sent post free for 1/3 direct from COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

NEW SCREW TOP BOTTLE *Prevents Soiled Fingers*

just afraid. Propaganda pours out of chambers of commerce, tourist bureaux, information libraries, publishing houses, bookshops, cultural institutes and societies, all Axis or Russian financed.

Ex-consuls, ex-major-generals, ex-newspapermen, all Americans, accept fat pay cheques from the propaganda services of the Axis powers. German-printed literature pours in by the ton. A distinguished labourer in this field, Dr. von Wegerer, brought in twenty large packing-cases full when he arrived to stay with the German vice-consul in that city last year. The American branch of the V.D.A., the Institute for Germans Living Abroad, controlled from Berlin by von Bohle's department of Ribbentrop's foreign office, and linked to Goebbels's bureau and Himmler's Gestapo, spends the bulk of its £30,000,000 annual allocation in the United States. The cultural bloc—which includes German professors planted in universities—keeps away from the dirty work involving espionage, agitation and intimidation. Uncle Sam lances the latter boil through the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which last year handled 1,651 espionage cases—up to 1937 the average was only thirty-five a year.

But the Nazis prefer and value most the unpaid work of the leading Americans, who are isolationists and obstructionists—Americans with Nazis ideas, riders of that "wave of the future" in which the Lindberghs believe, anti-Semites, power-worshippers, intellectuals who dream of forming a new élite, political "outs" who hunger to be "ins" and to stay in, Nazi-politician fashion, big-business appeasers, and those oligarchs who see in an American Nazism a last hope of perpetuating their privileges.

Joseph Kennedy, the appeaser, and Lindbergh, the Nazi admirer, are gentlemanly in their methods compared to the all-in, or gorilla school of the rough professional-politician obstructionists. Mr. Kennedy was a Wall Street broker who took a big fortune out of the market, selling short in the big boom. He made more money financing films in Hollywood. Persuading the brokers to play along with the New Deal in the Roosevelt landslide, he took his reward in the London embassy. In London he was closest to Chamberlain and the money group who were very frightened about the effect of a major war on capital. Apart from bombs, which scared him badly, he took a nervous stockbroker's view of things.

In this mood he hurried his family back, and himself followed when the real war started. Posing as a friend of Roosevelt's, he privately travelled the country, getting hold of every influential big business man he could, and with all his authority of "the chief insider from London," he put over his "Britain is done" message. A newspaper man he talked to "blew the gaff"; and Mr. Kennedy retired from the diplomatic scene, but has been busy in "defeatist" circles.

Kennedy is careful first to strike the sympathetic note, referring to "Hitler whom we hate and Churchill whom we love," but then he goes on to argue that Britain cannot win, and if Britain falls America is impregnable and can do business with the Axis world, and, at worst, America can insulate herself from all the rest of the world, and live quite prosperously (that word is still almost indispensable for political utterances in America) without trading beyond the Americas. So, why prolong this agony for our friends, the British? Why not stop supplies, and force peace, and resume business as usual, all one happy family?

To which the renowned *New York Herald Tribune* columnist, Walter Lippmann, acidly rejoins, that the Britain which makes terms with the Nazis, military masters of Europe, won't be Churchill's Britain: it will be a Britain "gone Vichy," and, most certainly, bitterly hostile to the America which had pledged herself and then broken her pledges.

Lindbergh's advice to Uncle Sam may be condensed thus: "Mind your own business:

Private Life of Uncle Sam

are you your brother's keeper?" He cloaks his advice and views in patriotic and idealistic terms, calling on America to build strength of character at home, and to contribute to civilisation throughout the world. On this exposition of the Lindbergh view, another American retorted: "Build our characters at home? How? And for what? . . . Yes, new characters are being forged, but they are forged in the air raid shelters of Great Britain, in the hills of Greece, even in the silent homes of Germany, where there is longing for liberty, truth and decency, as for forbidden fruit."

There are American financial interests which do not like to see Canada in the British Commonwealth of Nations. Lindbergh wants to bring Canada into an American empire. Riding his "wave of the future," he sees a great and powerful American empire, dealing with a Nazi empire which has turned on Stalin and made Russia a Nazi self-governing dominion. The Japanese capitalistic group (ninety per cent of Japan's capital is controlled by a dozen princely families) allied with the American capitalists, will take care of Asia: and all will do good business together—until the day when the white men will knock out the yellow men, and a German-American group will dominate a world empire run by an oligarchy in the interests of an oligarchy.

But this struggle of democrat versus oligarch does not wholly—as some surmise—repeat the old struggle which patterns the history of ancient Greece and ancient Rome. Probing Lindbergh, one comes to Dr. Alexis Carrel, late of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and the most brilliant and daring of experimental surgeons and biologists and a laboratory where rudimentary beings are kept alive in weird three-chamber glass perfusion pumps.

Carrel, sixty-seven, is the foremost living student of modern man: and he does not like him. He looks over America, its mighty works and soaring aspirations, its strange mixture of corruption and idealism, its athleticism and energy moving parallel with disease and lunacy, and he says: "We are witnessing our own moral, intellectual, and social failure. We have been living under the illusion that democracies would survive through the weak and short-sighted efforts of the ignorant. We begin to understand they are decaying." So Carrel wants to scrap our existing order and build a new civilisation based not on the preservation of the weak, but the cult of the strong. He proposes "secret groups" among those animated by "the spirit of revolt" against the existing industrial civilisation—an "ascetic and mystic minority" who would "rapidly acquire an irresistible power over the dissolute and degraded majority." This élite would impose another way of life "by persuasion, and perhaps by force."

All of which is in line with Nazi biological doctrine, and practice. The only difference is that Hitler insists on making "a new German," while Carrel proposes to make a "new man."

Lindbergh is intellectually dominated by these ideas. A group of wealthy and powerful oligarchs also highly approve them, seeing in them a means of obtaining mastery over the masses; who, otherwise, they fear, will everywhere take over the giant plants they own and control through capital pools and interlocking directorates, substitute public for private finance, and in other ways prune their power and substitute an upper crust of political bosses and bureaucrats for the plutocracy which to-day tops the American social heap.

America is a country of extremes, where men do things in a bigger way and on a larger scale than elsewhere. That goes for war, too, if, as and when, Uncle Sam comes in, shooting.

END

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